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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE realities of the diplomatic situation are even more than usually obscure to the public. Confusion about British policy is well illustrated by a correspondence in the *Times*. Mr. Duff Cooper writes that the only way of preventing war is to form a military alliance of all the countries who desire peace and "the preparation of armaments on such a scale as to intimidate all possible aggressors." Not until then can a conference come, "and this—as I understand it—is the policy of His Majesty's Government." Mr. Duff Cooper is mistaken. There is still no progress in the Russian discussions, and Mr. Litvinov's resignation, not yet explained, is certainly a reflection of this failure. Speculation is rife, but since Mr. Litvinov is the founder and has been the tireless worker for the policy of co-operation between the U.S.S.R. and the Western Democracies, the common assumption is that Stalin and the Russian army are tired of British indecision and are determined to limit their obligations to the east of Europe. Colonel Beck's speech is expected, as we write, to be moderate in tone, advancing counter-proposals to those put forward by Hitler. Poland in any case rejects any proposal which involves making Danzig into an arsenal and allowing a fortified road through the Corridor. There is good reason to believe that the Axis Powers had planned their next demands, backed with a full threat of force, for the middle of May and that their time-table has been changed by the resistance of Poland, the ambiguous negotiations with the U.S.S.R., and the British guarantees. Hitler is countering with continued pressure in Eastern Europe and with efforts to secure the Baltic by pacts with the Scandinavian Powers and by inducing the Finns to fortify the Aaland Islands. The significant omission of Russia from his speech has given rise to the report that his immediate object is to neutralise Russia for an attack on the West. The clear facts that emerge are that there is still no British-Russian Pact and that Germany still believes, not unreasonably, that expansion can be continued without war.

Militiamen

From the text of the Military Training Bill which was issued on Monday night, it is clear that the Government

has tried to meet in advance some of the objections likely to be raised by working-class interests. The conscripts, or militiamen as they are named, will be called up in batches of 50,000 and serve for a period of six months' intensive training, after which they will be liable for three and a half years in one of the auxiliary forces. The period of service is for less than the two years required in France, and roughly the same as in Switzerland. Employers must, under considerable penalties, reinstate employees, but the compensation payable to an employee not so reinstated seems absurdly inadequate. Pay and allowances are to be settled later, but the Bill provides safeguards against losses due to inability to continue payments of instalments on house-purchase and insurance policies. How the conscience clauses will operate depends, of course, on the temper of the local tribunals, and the same is true of the provision that training may be advanced or retarded in cases of hardship. Since all members of the Auxiliary services are exempt, clearly the Bill does not lay the foundations of a "people's army."

Ireland and Conscription

Among the strongest objectors to the Conscription Bill are Mr. De Valera and his friends, which means in fact not only the Government but the great majority of the people of Eire. It accentuates for them the twin problems of the relations of Eire with Ulster and with Great Britain. The prospect of the nationalist minority in the Six Counties being conscribed under the authority of the Ulster Government is one which fills them with dismay and indignation, and unless a way out of the difficulty can be found the results may be serious, for the I.R.A. can hardly fail to make capital out of it. The proposal in the Bill that the measure shall not come into force in Northern Ireland before war breaks out, or is imminent, does not satisfy Mr. De Valera; he demands nothing less than the elimination of the clause. But for the British Government to agree to that would be to flout the wishes of Ulster, which is, in its own view and in practice, a part of the United Kingdom. Eire, of course, says that it should not be so; and we, for our part, think Eire is right. Yet, however unfortunate Partition may be, it is obviously not practical politics to ask the British Government to end it at the present juncture. The other difficulty concerns the position of Irishmen domiciled in Britain. By our law they rank as British subjects and are liable, if they live here, to be called up with the young Englishmen or Scotsmen. They may escape that obligation by going home permanently to Eire, and it is easy to say that they have therefore no ground for complaint. But complaint there pretty certainly will be, and some of it may come from British workers who will resent what they will regard as the privileged position of the Irish.

Tension in Jugoslavia

There is a Bourbon quality in the Serbs which augurs ill for the future of Jugoslavia. Last Saturday it was announced in Belgrade that negotiations between M. Tsvetkovitch and Dr. Matchek on the question of Croatian autonomy had reached a favourable conclusion, that a comprehensive agreement had been initialled, and that its terms would be published as soon as they had received the Regent's approval. The rest is silence. The substance of the agreement remains undisclosed, though it is believed to provide for a federal constitution in Jugoslavia and for the enjoyment of local self-government in a Croatian province embracing Dalmatia and part, at least, of Bosnia. According to unofficial reports from Belgrade, publication of the accord has been held up as a result of Prince Paul's refusal to endorse it. In this attitude he appears to be supported by the Army chiefs, in whose view not only is the Croatian leader a suspect democrat, but the proposed constitutional and electoral reforms are too dangerous to be enacted in a period of European crisis. In consequence, feelings run high in Zagreb; there is talk of a revolt by the semi-armed Farmers' Defence Union; and Dr. Matchek, who has deplored the possibility of having to seek aid in "other quarters" may be compelled by extremists in his party to appeal to Berlin. Prince Paul's seat upon the safety-valve is increasingly perilous for his country.

New Proposals for Palestine

The problem of Palestine, shelved by the London Conference a month or two ago, has been under discussion again in Cairo by representatives of the Arab States, and the British Government is expected very shortly to issue a statement of its policy. It is believed that the Arab proposals envisage a "National Government" in Palestine, with Palestinian Ministers assisted by British advisers; the calling of a constituent assembly and the drafting of a new constitution in three years' time; restricted Jewish immigration for a period of five years and an ultimate limit on the total number of Jews in the country (not more than one-third of the number of Arabs); regulation of the sales of land to Jews. This plan is spoken of as a compromise which should satisfy Downing Street and which the Mufti and the Palestinian Arabs may be persuaded to accept. That is possible; but what are the chances of its being acceptable to the Jews? It contains the main stumbling blocks on which the London Conference broke down, and it offers no new basis for agreement. The Jews still believe that agreement is possible, given time and proper conditions. But how are the Arabs to be taught patience, and how are we to secure the proper conditions—which in effect means the liquidation not only of terrorism but of the Arab Nationalist movement in general? It seems that the British Government will have to decide which, in the present international situation, is the less dangerous of two dangerous policies—to impose a "settlement" on Palestine, or once more to postpone a solution indefinitely. It is a grim prospect either way.

The Budget Debated

In an otherwise dull and spiritless debate on the Budget resolutions, Mr. Dalton made the most effective attack on the essential weakness of Sir John Simon's policy—the absence of any attempt to plan the nation's economy in conformity with the needs of abnormal, "near-war" conditions. The Government, he argued, was doing nothing to check waste and profiteering in armament contracts; it refused to balance conscription of man-power with compulsory mobilisation of wealth, either by an Excess Profits Duty or—as the Labour Party preferred—by an annual levy on capital increments; and no steps were being taken to protect our balance of foreign payments and concentrate production on essentials by using fiscal measures to restrict unnecessary imports and luxury

consumption. To these criticisms the Chancellor had no convincing reply. He admitted that his new taxes were framed purely for revenue purposes and had no element of "planning" in them. (Indeed, if it had been desired to concentrate plant on munitions, the obvious course would have been to enact a sales tax on new cars, not to increase the user's licence duty.) His plea was that the future could not be foreseen; for the moment, in striking a balance between taxation and borrowing, he had pursued "expediency in the best sense." The Treasury bridge is in charge of a pilot priding himself on myopia.

The Sale of Ships to Germany

Legislation is now foreshadowed to prevent further sales of British vessels to Germany or other foreign countries. The necessity for building up a reserve of merchant shipping to be brought into use in the event of war is now recognised. It is obvious that the British Government ought to have the first offer of all tonnage which owners are proposing either to scrap or to sell. The Board of Trade has been endeavouring to secure this by voluntary methods; but the recent sales to Germany show that these are by no means fully effective, and that compulsion needs to be applied. It can no doubt be argued that the sales to Germany are of minor importance, but as matters stand there is no guarantee that further sales will not be made. In our view, there is a great deal to be said for the Government, which is already paying subsidies to aid the shipowners, claiming in return not merely the first offer of "scrap" tonnage, but also a general control over the industry with a view to potential war needs. The less stocks we build up here in anticipation of war conditions, the larger will be the mercantile fleet needed to ensure indispensable supplies.

Evacuation Problems

It is high time for a clear, comprehensive statement by the Government of its policy with regard to the evacuation of residents from vulnerable areas in the event of war. The Minister of Health has now issued a circular to local authorities requesting them to work out in detail their plans for evacuating those who the Government have decided should have "priority." These comprise school children (subject to their parents' assent), babies and their mothers, pregnant women, blind persons and cripples—the total numbers for whom accommodation must be found in the scheduled reception areas being estimated at three millions. Maintenance allowances (except, apparently, in the case of adults unaccompanied by children) will be provided by the State, and the local authorities are given general guidance as to the lines on which accommodation is to be sought. This, however, is only one side of the problem. The Government's final rejection of deep shelter protection implies presumably that, if war comes, reliance is to be placed on maximum dispersal of population. In pursuance of this principle, which inferentially appears to have the Government's blessing, many large financial institutions and business firms in London have made arrangements to "decentralise" themselves in the country on the outbreak of hostilities. But now Mr. Bernays, Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Elliott, upsets all calculations by announcing that, in the event of war, "severe measures" will be taken to discourage voluntary dispersal, especially during the period when "priority" classes are being evacuated. How is the citizen not engaged in A.R.P. duties or vital public service to determine his duty in respect to his household or his employees?

The Four Million Houses

The Ministry of Health have been celebrating this week the completion of the four-millionth house built since the Armistice; and the local authorities are being adjured to get on with the fifth million, despite the reduction of the subsidies available for slum clearance under the recent Act. Some considerable slackening of private house-building seems to be inevitable under the existing conditions; building permits were at a much lower level in 1938 than in the previous years of boom, and the demands of rearmament necessarily absorb a substantial portion of the available supply of skilled labour. But the need for houses remains urgent. Slum clearance, by any reasonable standard is less than half-done; only a small beginning has been made upon the overcrowding problem, and rural housing still lags an enormous way behind. These are problems which private enterprise will do almost nothing to touch, and the reduced subsidies make the local authorities less ready to tackle them. The Ministry's circular, urging the councils to proceed with further plans, is not likely in present circumstances to have much effect. The successful handling of the problem needs a national authority able to control material supplies and prices and to initiate a real drive in the rural areas. If private enterprise is to be responsible for the bulk of new urban houses, the house-purchasers need much more protection against shoddy dwellings than the Government's measure dealing with the Building Societies will afford.

Nutrition Policy

The "National Nutrition Conference" called by the British Medical Association last week was a very impressive assembly. The delegates included representatives of medicine, agriculture, industry and education. Papers were read by a number of experts, official and unofficial, and the discussions dealt with a variety of important questions—the provision of milk and meals, the stimulation of agricultural production, the medical aspects of nutrition, education in food values, and family allowances. It is not easy to single out any of these for special mention—and, indeed, to do so would be to miss the real significance of the Conference, which was not so much to push this or that reform as to insist on carefully and scientifically co-ordinated measures for raising the standard of nutrition throughout the nation. A resolution, which was carried unanimously, urged upon the Government "the formulation of a long-term food policy in which the requirements of Health, Agriculture and Industry shall be considered in mutual relation." The Government, if it had had the will, could have formulated, and got on with the execution of, such a policy long ere this. And we hope that it will not hold back now on the pretext that it is occupied with other issues. The feeding of the country in war-time must, it is true, present special problems; but we are not at war yet, and in any case there can be no better preparation for war than to ensure the highest standard of nourishment with the least delay.

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THE POLISH CRISIS

THE resemblances between the Czech situation of last year and the Polish crisis to-day are so close that we are in danger of overlooking the differences. Hitler's speech before the Reichstag was one of the cleverest he has ever made. Its main object was to convince his home population that he was not the aggressor, that Germany was menaced by enemies from abroad and that if he went to war it would be the fault of the demo-plutocracies. He scored some easy points, as he always can as long as our Government do so little to prove to the world that Democracy still has any vital message for the oppressed and enslaved, any "dynamic" to compete with the brutal activism of Fascism. But President Roosevelt's appeal had robbed him of the initiative; he had to answer it, and at the same time to do all in his power to break up the embryonic "peace front" by compliments to Britain and assurances to France. His most dangerous action was his denunciation of the German-Polish treaty.

Hitler intends to have his own way with the Poles as he had it with the Czechs. But the Polish response is different from the Czech, because Czechoslovakia was a small industrial country whose policy and outlook were based on reliance upon France. The Poles, who have seen the results of concessions to Hitler in Prague, are not governed by Geneva ideas, have long lost confidence in France, and are much more likely to fight on their own responsibility. A large country, open and little industrialised, semi-feudal and semi-Fascist in its government, Poland treats its vast peasant population and its minorities abominably, has at its disposal a great army of cannon fodder, indifferent industrial resources and generals of the old Pilsudski tradition. It replies to Hitler in terms which Dr. Benes could never have adopted. If Hitler demands a military road through the Corridor with extra-territorial rights, and claims Danzig and the district round it as German "Lebensraum," with the clear intention of destroying Polish independence, the more militant Poles reply that Danzig is Poland's "Lebensraum," since Danzig is economically important to Poland and was once part of Poland. When Hitler talks of minorities the Poles can retort that they have a large Polish minority in Germany. For the first time Hitler's historical dreams about the Holy Roman Empire are countered, at least by an excited populace, with historical memories as fervent and nationalistic as those of the Nazis. It is one of the great dangers of Hitler that he creates in others an irrationalism to match his own. In public the Poles are overplaying their hand and strengthening the power of M. Bonnet and others who look forward to another "Munich." But Colonel Beck is likely to be very realistic and unprovocative. His speech must be "firm" to satisfy Polish public opinion, but we shall be very surprised if it bangs any half-opened doors. The Führer and Colonel Beck understand each other's language. It is of course a dangerous situation in which a match may set fire to the powder magazine. But the Germans still believe that Hitler will succeed by a "twist" which will avoid war; and an age in which the ruling class in every country knows that war will end its power is an age in which miracles may always occur.

The second great difference between the Czech situation and the Polish is that Britain and France are by no means so ready to give way as they were last September. The man in the street is muttering that Hitler must be stopped somewhere, and, in spite of political differences within the Democracies, there is a firm determination to resist if necessary. Unless the facts are kept from him by Herr von Ribbentrop, which may be the case, the Führer has even more reason than before for caution. Mussolini's weight, by no means so dominating in Italy as it used to be before his Ministers became associates of the Nazis, must be thrown on the same side, for Italy would be invaded by France at the outbreak of war and the coast of Italy and her bases in the Mediterranean and Africa are highly vulnerable. Japan, the third member of the Axis, is far too deeply bogged in China, too uncertain internally and too aware of the significance of the American fleet in the Pacific to respond to the Führer's invitation to take active steps against the Democratic Powers in case of war.

The crux of the situation is the failure to include Russia fully in the "peace bloc." Without Russia no one in Europe takes our guarantees very seriously. A fortnight has passed now since Russia replied to the British proposals to help Poland and Rumania with the offer of a military alliance with Britain and France. Influences have been at work in France, Britain and elsewhere to avoid such a complete commitment, and discussions still continue. The Russian argument has been that it is only on the basis of an alliance between France and Russia that such questions as the military and strategic possibilities of helping small Powers threatened by the Axis can be settled. For some of the strange assortment of allies which Britain has guaranteed are as frightened of the Soviets as they are of Germany. Their fears, however, might not survive the offer of support from a really formidable "peace bloc," and peoples which now dare not offend Germany by associating themselves with the collective system would take new heart if they knew that actual aid would be given to them on their own territory. The British Government is considering lesser proposals and is trying to keep negotiations going and attempting by various compromises to calm Soviet fears that the U.S.S.R. is to be left in the lurch in the case of war. The result of delay and hesitation may well be a Russian decision to retire into isolation. It is now very late and any course is dangerous, but there is still a good chance, given a firm alliance with Russia, that Hitler, who would not readily undertake a serious war on both fronts, will give up the method of conquest and carry out his diplomacy by less belligerent means.

But would not the alliance with Russia make war more likely by adding to the encirclement fears which Goebbels assiduously cultivates in Germany? To that there are two replies. First, that the unchecked march of Hitler makes war increasingly likely, since the Poles and other Powers will at some point inevitably resist, while Russian influence, so far from being bellicose, is likely to calm and restrain rather than to increase any tendencies to intransigence on the part of European allies. Stalin is as anxious as we are to avoid war. Secondly, the formation of the Russian alliance should be accompanied by an appeal from this country similar to that from President Roosevelt. It is true that Hitler treated the invitation to a Conference with contumely, but he had to

tell the German people that he was doing so and if they are constantly reminded of our readiness for discussion Dr. Goebbels has a far more difficult task. We must never forget that Hitler does not want war on two fronts, and in the last resort decisions of peace and war cannot be taken without the concurrence of the general staff.

If the British Minister were not tied to a system of dead ideas, he might talk in language that would transform the situation. A great democratic leader in Europe would co-operate with President Roosevelt; he would show that when we speak of democracy we stand not by a formula nor by a system of economics which gives us a couple of million unemployed, but by an idea which we intend to translate into a reality. He would admit our past follies and say in tones which would reach, in spite of Dr. Goebbels, to the hearts of the German people, that we have no policy of encirclement. Mr. Chamberlain says this in the House of Commons, but people only take it to mean that he has no particular objection to German aggression. We ought, too, to make it clear that we are willing to guarantee German territory just as much as Polish or Rumanian; that we intend to apply the basic notion of democracy, which is freedom and opportunity of development for every individual, in our own Imperial system, and in that task of emancipation are prepared to join forces on an international basis with all who would share in the task with us. Such words would have effect in India and throughout the Arab and native populations of Africa. He would declare too, that he is willing to discuss frankly and openly all outstanding problems, but that further aggression is intolerable and will be resisted, in company with France and Russia and their allies at no matter what cost. Such words should be uttered not once but repeatedly. If they were the reiterated counter to Dr. Goebbels they would make it very difficult, if not impossible, for Hitler to run the risk of war. That would be a great and imaginative line. We need a big man for a big task; he would have to be a man who sees the absurdity of poverty in the midst of plenty, and petty national sovereignties in a world of wireless and aeroplanes, and who realises the response that is waiting amongst common people everywhere to such an appeal for peace. Unfortunately we have no such man in command. We still have Mr. Chamberlain.

THE DALADIER REGIME

IT has become pleasant again to live in France. France is scarcely a parliamentary democracy any longer; but, to be quite truthful, nobody much cares. I shall explain later why. But it has become a freer and better country, much more its own self than it s in the disgusting post-Munich days when Flandin and his friends were setting the tone; and the middle-class were developing a sneaking admiration for the Dictators, and France was, altogether in danger of losing her soul. In those days Georges Duhamel made the melancholy reflection that what the Nazis had captured was not only the Maginot Line of Czechoslovakia, but the Descartes Line of France. And you heard any number of Frenchmen admit with a lamentable air of resignation that the moral leadership of Europe had been taken over by Hitler and Mussolini. This inferiority complex was particularly noticeable during the first three months that followed Munich. Nazi propaganda was working at full blast—it included anti-semitic propaganda and propaganda for a free hand for Germany in the East. Ribbentrop's visit to Paris and the Franco-German declaration he signed here were interpreted in Germany as France's official acceptance of the Flandin doctrine of "retrenchment behind the Maginot Line," and her consent to become "an Empire rather than a European Power." And these interpretations were pretty well endorsed by a good number of Paris papers, and these endorsements were never properly repudiated by the Quai d'Orsay. The *Matin* advocated the creation of a "Grande Ukraine," and the *Temps* wrote that, since Munich, the Franco-Soviet pact and the Franco-Polish alliance "had lost much of their significance." There were purges at the Quai d'Orsay and at the Agence Havas; anyone disagreeing with the "retrenchment" policy was sacked or treated as suspect; and the Quai had a good part of the press completely under its thumb. The other day I had lunch with representatives of one leading provincial and three leading Paris papers, and they recalled "the journalists' nightmare of last November and December."

The retrenchment, the *repliement impérial* policy got, however, its first hard kick the day the Italians began to clamour for Tunis and Corsica; but it was curious how M. Bonnet tried to minimise the importance of this clamour. The press was asked to "tone it down," and the Italian repudiation of the 1935 agreement was concealed for several days; for the Munich enthusiasts knew that, however much they might pretend that Germany was not supporting Italy's claims, the clamour for Tunis and Corsica was a deadly blow to the whole conception of Imperial retrenchment. Instead of eating up the small countries one by one and leaving France in peace, the Axis Powers, France discovered, had made her and her Empire the next item on the menu! Unless Hitler made a grave tactical error, one strongly suspects that the Italian campaign against France started without his consent. Without this campaign there might be people in France who to this day would be preaching "retrenchment." In fact there were certain people at the Quai who were almost relieved when Hitler marched into Prague; so he had gone "east" after all. And they attributed the march into Prague to "the errors made in 1919." And if you talked of Munich and the guarantees to Czechoslovakia, they shrugged their shoulders and said "*pouf*."

But that was not the reaction of the French people. The post-Munich smugness did not in fact last beyond December; and the immense popularity of Daladier's voyage to North Africa, and of the speeches in which he told Italy to go to hell was the first popular reaction against the humiliation of Munich, if not yet completely against the "retrenchment" policy. But since the African tour the widespread distrust of Bonnet has been tempered in France by the equally widespread faith in the "fundamental common sense" of Daladier. Throughout 1938 Bonnet led and Daladier followed—often very reluctantly. But still he followed. Daladier was anti-Munich at heart, and was extremely unhappy on the night of the Munich settlement; Daladier was against strangling the Spanish Government. But in both cases he gave way, partly because Bonnet's policy was also the policy of the British Government. To-day the roles are reversed; Daladier is leading, and Bonnet is following obediently—on the face of it. So much so that at the Quai they now talk big "collective security" stuff. But it doesn't matter much what the Quai says or even thinks; for all the vital decisions are now taken by Daladier. As somebody remarked the other day: "Daladier has caught up with his strong man reputation. Usually the reputation follows the man; but here the man has followed, and caught up with, his reputation." It is a curious psychological phenomenon.

It is said that Daladier reacted feebly to the occupation of Prague, but I doubt it. If he had still believed in "Munich," and had taken the smug Quai view that the occupation of Prague was "only natural," he would not have announced at the Senate that the Bonnet-Ribbentrop declaration was null and void; he would have tried to keep it alive at any price, which is what some other people would certainly have tried to do. And if Halifax's Peace Front proposal was pooh-poohed at first by a suspiciously large number of French papers, which said:

"Yes, that's all very well, but not with the Soviets," it was not Daladier's fault. And it is curious that for some time past now the essential press conferences should take place at the War Office. The other day, at such a press conference, I am told, Daladier produced a letter received from the editor of one of the notoriously "Munich" papers in Paris, who advocated "a gentle handling" of Hitler's claims on Poland. "Do you know my reply?" Daladier said. He tore up the letter and pitched it into the wastepaper basket.

Daladier has all his pockets stuffed with letters. He gets several hundreds of them every day, and reads them carefully. He is immensely popular in provincial and rural France, where his judgment is trusted completely. Many of the letters in his fan mail are to the effect that "if you are satisfied that we must fight, we'll take your word for it." And he attaches more importance to the opinion of the butcher at Carpentras than to that of the President of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber. And says so. As War Minister he enjoys to-day the full prestige of the Army itself.

It may be argued that France to-day is, in effect, a military dictatorship. It is; except that the essential democratic liberties remain in force. And *such* a form of military dictatorship is something that France has accepted, at a time like this, with remarkable readiness. There is no great longing for parliamentary government. The Chamber—*ce n'est pas sérieux*, people say. The Chamber gave itself a fearful kick in the pants from which it will take some time to recover, when on the day the German troops marched into Prague, it started a violent discussion about—*l'affaire Marty*. Marty, the Communist deputy, had been one of the people in command of the International Brigades in Spain, and the question hotly debated that day was whether or not he was responsible in any way for the shooting of a French captain charged with espionage, or something like that. I forget the details now; but it did not seem to matter very much even then.

It was largely under the impression of that lamentable dog-fight that Daladier asked Parliament for unlimited plenary powers; he made his request in a peremptory tone, and anyone who tried to argue had his nose bitten off. And he got away with it. And, judging from the latest press decrees, Daladier has no intention (as was feared by some) of suppressing the freedom of the press. The press restrictions merely relate to Nazi propaganda. In short, a "Daladier dictatorship" is acceptable to France because in spirit it is not undemocratic. If somebody like Flandin were at the head of the Government, he could not have got away with it; there would have been a clamour for the restoration of parliamentary authority.

The attitude of the working class is very curious. Daladier is essentially the man of the French peasantry, but in the present international conditions the working class are not strikingly hostile to Daladier, and have accepted the abolition of the 40-hour week with remarkably little opposition. Taking a long view of it, the Government probably made a mistake in not obtaining at least the nominal consent of the C.G.T. to this change; but I think the present attitude of the working class may be roughly described as follows: "This is not a time for making rows; Daladier is not fundamentally hostile to us; the Front Populaire experiment was a wash-out because the leaders were muddleheaded; and we were badly let down by the C.G.T. over the abortive general strike last November. It is both patriotic and expedient to get on with our jobs. Whether the war comes or not, industry will inevitably come more and more under State control, and there will be time to take up the Front Populaire and C.G.T. programmes in earnest." In the face of the German menace France to-day is a remarkably united country. On March 15th France, feeling completely isolated except for a "soldierless England," was in a state of jitters; to-day, thanks to the progress of the Peace Front and to British conscription, the morale of France is first-rate. "The phantom of Imperial retrenchment has vanished. France has not abdicated," Paul Reynaud announced on the wireless last week. It restored one's confidence in France—a confidence so badly shaken by Munich. Not only are the *Munichois* lying low, but they are becoming fewer every day. The other day I met a French business man who had been a passionate supporter of General Franco. "What about your friend?" He broke into highly improper abuse. "If he doesn't behave, we'll break his blasted neck; we'll send the refugees back to Catalonia and help them to set up a Republican Government. That'll teach him."

A fatuous reaction, no doubt, but one which shows to what an extent France is changing. And one wonders whether Hitler did not make the biggest mistake in his life on March 15th. If, without entering the Hradschin as a conqueror, he had gently bullied the life out of the Czechs, we might still be talking of "appeasement." But perhaps our politicians still are talking of it?

ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

THOSE who were close to the Prime Minister last week when he made his conscription announcement, remarked that the oddest feature was his complete complacency. While others were shaking their heads and wondering whether he would force an election, Mr. Chamberlain was rubbing his hands, apparently enjoying the disunity he had caused. One must remember that he is a party politician, that he wants not the national unity that the Conservatives talk about, but the discomfiture of the Opposition. It certainly put them in a hole; for however much the Labour Party may rightly protest against the breaking of a pledge and the promise to make the voluntary system work, they know in their hearts that they cannot both run an anti-conscription campaign and remain stern advocates of collective security. By trying to do so they invite the contempt of people who are increasingly fed up with party politics and just say that when the test comes the Labour people show that they do not really mean what they say. The serious opposition to conscription comes first from those many Socialists who were always war resisters at heart and who only accepted collective security intellectually and because it was the Party programme; secondly, from the I.L.P. and those who have consistently held that one always ought to resist war under an Imperialist government whatever the risks to national security; and, thirdly, of course, from the genuine pacifists who oppose all wars for whatever purpose. Finally, there are the Communists, who do not object to the principle of compulsion, but who believe that Mr. Chamberlain will always stand for appeasement and that the one task on which to concentrate is to turn him out. Taken together the anti-conscription party is not inconsiderable and its demonstrations are impressive in their vigour. For a few days at least Mr. Chamberlain has united the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Worker*, and Ernest Bevin, Harry Pollitt and Jimmy Maxton.

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Given a further period of appeasement (and I expect a good deal of appeasement water to run under the bridges before blood gets mixed with it), the anti-conscriptionists may hold together for a time, and of course there will in any case be a number of sincere, out-and-out pacifists whose position cannot be shaken. The man in the pub, however, and the man at the ordinary Labour meeting is apt to say, as a bricklayer did in a provincial town last week, "I can't stand you Left-wingers (he meant politicians); we did not want to fight for Manchuria, Abyssinia, or Spain, or even for the Czechs, but you kept on shouting that we should, and when we have come to the conclusion that you were right and that Hitler has got to be stopped, you say you won't fight." It seems to me clear that Labour has to choose. As far as the country is concerned, if you say you won't stand conscription, you must leave off talking about the collective system and stopping Hitler and welcome more appeasement. If Labour does not mean that, its only alternative is to try to obtain conditions while it has the power. The National Council for Civil Liberties has put forward a sensible memorandum demanding full political rights for the conscript army; and the Trade Unions are in a position to

make good terms for their members, to hasten the Russian alliance, and to insist on the sort of conscription that a correspondent wrote about in this journal last week—the sort that means what conscription meant in Madrid, the public control of industry, no profits from arms and real equality of sacrifice.

* * *

The *Daily Herald* is to be congratulated on taking notice of one of the Government's most flagrant and dangerous departures from decent parliamentary usage. It is a well-established and salutary principle that members of the Cabinet shall not hold directorships. If other Ministers follow the example set by Lord Stanley and Lord Runciman this rule will soon be a dead letter. The other day, John Parker elicited from Mr. Chamberlain the remarkable statement that a private company is not subject to this rule, and that therefore Lord Stanley's directorship of Prescot Proprietary is perfectly in order. So a director of Shell-Mex or Vickers-Armstrong, which are private companies, can now be a Cabinet Minister. Lord Runciman's position is even more surprising. He is a director of the L.M.S. "on leave of absence." Presumably this means that a director of a public company, if he forfeits his salary, can become a Minister. Still, as he has leave of absence from the Cabinet as well, it can be argued, I suppose, that Lord Runciman does no harm. It may be worth while for the nation to pay him to stay away.

* * *

The Royal trip to Canada and the States should cost enough to dispel the lie that Britain is degenerate. Mussolini spent a lot on entertaining the Führer, but he did nothing so sublimely expensive as the chartering of the *Empress of Australia* to take the King and Queen and a retinue of thirty across the Atlantic. I learn from the press that she is being refurnished for the trip, "the oak-panelled smoke-room is being turned into a Royal Dining Room, with the help of twenty-four period chairs, etc., etc." Presumably this style of travel is necessary; a plutocracy must maintain the most expensive, and lonely, Royalty in the world. But how much nicer it would be for the King and Queen to be able to sink to the democratic level of their Scandinavian relations and travel, quite humbly, in the Royal suite of the *Queen Mary!*

* * *

Many of the ships that our British Government refused to protect in Spanish waters were bringing back mercury on their return journey. Mercury is essential to the manufacture of detonators for high explosives and Britain has usually bought most of her mercury from Spain, which produces 35.2 per cent. of the world's supply. These mines are now virtually in the hands of Germany. I hear that there is a shortage in this country. I am not surprised. The other large producer of mercury is Italy (31.6 per cent.), while the Axis also has small supplies in Japan and Czecho-Slovakia. The rest comes from the United States (17 per cent.), the U.S.S.R. (5.9 per cent.), Mexico (8 per cent.), China (.8 per cent.), and New Zealand has .2 per cent. I suppose our rulers thought Franco would sell us all we wanted. The state of mind that has fooled away British interests was brought home to me by a friend who lived for some months of last year in Gibraltar. All the British there were pro-Franco; it never occurred to them not to support their class. Resident officials, who are now desperately wondering whether they can defend the Rock at all, smilingly showed him the German guns that commanded the harbour. My friend asked whether they were not worried by these guns. "Oh, no," they said, "you don't know the Spaniards! There is no reason to worry. *Why we hunt all over that country, you know!*"

* * *

A woman friend who has visited the *Daily Mail* Ideal Homes Exhibition is loud in her praise of Miss Elizabeth Denby's "all Europe House." The rest of the exhibits were the usual villas—this year with an even greater tendency to Tudor stuffiness—which Osbert Lancaster classified in *From Pillar to Post* as Variegated Byepass. For the most part they were far too expensive for working-class needs. In contrast the modernity of Miss Denby's design does not consist in squat angularity and freak windows. With three rooms up and two down, it is a really small house which gives a feeling of roominess, and its loggia outside the living room, as well as the cupboard under the stairs, solves the problem of the pram—an essential space which most architects disregard. Fitted cupboards, a refrigerator, a hot-air clothes drier (invaluable for working people) and a refuse disposal plant which sucks all your rubbish down the sink are included in the price of £500. The house is designed for mass-production and, by an ingenious use of terracing, Miss Denby has succeeded in economising ground space so effectively that if the L.C.C. had used her plans at Stoke Newington, they could have housed more people for less money and provided larger gardens as well. I only hope that Miss Denby's ideas will break down a few of the rigid traditions which make so many Housing Schemes both dull and expensive.

* * *

A correspondent writes from New York: "The World Fair is really as large as the papers say. Gulliver would have felt at home here. The triton and the sphere, 700 feet and 280 feet respectively, look quite small. Over the Russian pavilion there is a figure of a workman made of stainless steel. I guessed it was 20 feet from toe to head. As a matter of fact, it is 79 feet. The ground swarms with statues—in every stage of undress. Female waists rule large except in the French section. Men's trousers in stone are so common that the eye almost gets to like the line. Half-finished statues produce strange effects and the lower half of an heroic figure without a fig-leaf is awe-inspiring. When the rest of the torso is in place, it will be just one in a hundred. There are four satisfying buildings: those of the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., Japan and Great Britain. Italy and France are not yet far enough advanced for one to judge. The mural decorations are not a success; one grows tired of trying to translate the symbolism of twisted and contorted human forms. The workmen are good to watch; they are so skilful and energetic. The stories about the power of the Trade Unions here are endless; in any case, the men work a thirty-hour week. There are some 2,500 at the Fair, and most of them seem to come in automobiles.

"My belief is that the British Pavilion will be ready on the opening day. It is a dignified and effective building and it will not be too crowded."

* * *

I heard the B.B.C. summary of Hitler's speech last Friday afternoon in the company of a gang of roadmen. They listened carefully and without any interruption. When it was over, one of them said: "He wants a lot, that chap. You have to ask his permission before you do anything these days." After which, without discussion the gang resumed work.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to H. Cross.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The Prime Minister gave a complete answer to any suggestion that he had broken his pledge. Since March 29th, when he last said that the Government did not intend to replace the voluntary system by conscription, he has changed his mind.—*Evening News.*

Toscanini, the famous conductor, was knocked against a luggage truck at Waterloo Station last evening when a crowd struggled to see Spencer Tracy and his wife, who arrived on a three-day visit to England.—*Evening Standard.*

If we provide money for mental hospitals the chances are that we shall get more mental cases, and if we provide more and more money for unemployment we shall get more unemployed.—*Evening Standard.*

[Protesting against a proposal to erect a public lavatory (" much-needed " according to local authorities) 30ft. outside a church wall.]

People realise the necessity of keeping the spirit of sentiment alive and upholding the traditions of their faith, whether they live in Birchington or elsewhere. After all, why should the sentiment of the people be trodden under foot and dragged through the mire? Our aim is a race of clean-living people, with senses so tuned as to be able to appreciate the simple and noble things of life. No doubt " Square Deal " thinks we are a band of fanatics, but in reality we are just ordinary human beings, not wishing to see our finest principles outraged and with an eye to the future of our race.—Letter in *Isle of Thanet Gazette.*

[Elgin Marbles.] I understand that whatever artistic damage may have been done to the sculptures mineralogists from the Natural History Museum consider that the Marbles, viewed purely as stone, are unimpaired.—*Daily Telegraph.*

NEGLECTED OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE

THE impression left by a recent tour in West Africa was adequately summed up for me by a senior officer: " The British people, having acquired an Empire casually, persist in thinking that it can be casually run." Yet West Africa has the reputation of being our really successful venture in colonial government. Informed if at all only about South Africa and the Settler countries, critics are apt to believe that all must be well where there is no risk of Africans being ousted from the land by European immigrants. Nigeria, the great West African colony, is moreover the home of " Indirect Rule "—a device for leaving the people to work out their own salvation, which though it is accepted by many, including the Colonial Office, as the grand solvent of African problems, is perhaps not exempt from the charge of casualness. Negative benevolence is insufficient to meet the claim of totalitarian States that their methods would do more to bring prosperity and civilisation to our wards. These are still very far from assured in the West African colonies, which contain about half the population of the real, the colonial, Empire.

It is a misfortune that virtually no one now goes to the " White Man's Grave " unless on a definite job. The voyage is said by the initiated to offer the comfort typical of the " Workmen's train "! Most of those who go are in Government service and barred from talking publicly about their work. They at least feel keenly the lack of public interest in work which is absorbing to them, and also heartbreaking since the staff is invariably too small. It being nobody's business to examine the conduct of affairs as a whole, it has become a convention that reports should concentrate on positive efforts, which may give a false impression out of their context. Thus a colonial journal recently printed a picture showing " two health visitors attending to some of their young charges." The caption might as truthfully have read, " In this unusually prosperous colony, *the* two health visitors are seen attending to some of their two million charges! " The corollary is of course the disastrous habit of taking notice of unsatisfactory conditions only when they have become a scandal—as lately in the West Indies. An outbreak has frequently landed us in heavier expenditure than would have been needed to put the colony on a sound economic basis in good time.

If Nigeria passes as our star turn, and the Gold Coast has managed to prosper without our help, neglect is glaringly patent in the two smaller colonies, the Gambia and Sierra Leone. Most of us can connect the latter with the famous philanthropic settlement of freed slaves established on the thirty odd miles of peninsula behind Freetown. Beyond this, the Colony proper, lies the more recently acquired Protectorate, which has a population of some two millions of very poor and visibly backward people, but it is true that the handful of " Creoles," perhaps 100,000, give the whole area its peculiar character and set its problems.

These tribeless, English-speaking, Creoles are a people apart. Their many detractors count it against them that they are not good African peasants, but essentially a middle-class, both in outlook and callings. For many years, in fact, all neighbouring colonies were glad enough to call on them to supply not only clerks, but foremen and boss-boys of many kinds. Many Creoles still draw pensions from the Gold Coast or Nigeria. To-day the slow but perceptible progress of education in other parts is narrowing the field of employment abroad and, except for some very recent mining development, the Protectorate remains almost untouched by Western education or example, its poverty offering few opportunities to educated talent. The Creoles boast their superiority to the " aborigines," and no doubt make some of their own difficulties, but affected as they are by current " ideologies," they naturally assume the leadership of discontent among underpaid or unemployed workers of all classes. The capital, Freetown, though its industries are negligible, is a considerable port, offering chances sufficient to attract a large floating population of Natives from the backward Protectorate. The result is the normal combination of foul slums, rack rents, starvation wages and unemployment. It requires no pressure to attract native tribesmen to any calling that offers a chance of even the slenderest wages, and new agglomerations of employed and unemployed are producing a ferment for which the authorities in this hitherto almost primitive colony were unprepared.

It has therefore been no surprise to hear that conditions in Sierra Leone have been giving rise since my return to what is conventionally known as " trouble." There have been strikes of coalers and others, and the general unrest seems even to have caused a " mutiny " in the defence forces. Details are lacking, but it has perhaps brought the trouble to a head that since the European crisis more money and staff have gone to fortifying the harbour and strengthening the garrison than have been spent on developing the colony in all the years we have held it. For many months Freetown has been kept lively by the activities of a so-called Youth League, which night after night was holding crowded meetings to foment and ventilate grievances about wages and the treatment of labourers. Though complaints are not always well founded, poverty and lack of prospects are sufficient grounds for strikes and disorders of a familiar sort. The Government, instead of regarding strikes as the funeral of the companies concerned, has been a little inclined to mere nervousness, even making martyrs of local " agitators." I would add, however, that there is even yet a fund of goodwill which it is worth a good deal to preserve in the interests of peace.

That other neglected and forgotten corner of Empire, the Gambia, is an example of how often the units into which Africa has been carved up by international " deals " are uneconomic as well as artificial. It being the British rule that every colony pays for its own government machinery, the resources of this 4,000 square miles of territory bordering 250 miles of navigable river—with its port, Bathurst, robbed of the trade of its natural hinterland by the much better equipped French port of Dakar—are ridiculously small to support at the same time even a minimum of social services. Latterly Bathurst has, thanks to German enterprise, become a base for the trans-Atlantic air route. But the land reclamation needed to guard against yellow fever, and to make full use of its advantages as an air base, though it would be only relatively costly, is prohibitive as things are.

This lack of adequate resources is the trouble with almost all the colonies, in their degree, and seems to show that we must mend our ways if we are to answer charges of neglect and preserve the loyalty of their populations. For a start, we should like to see a diversion to schools and hospitals of the £40,000 the poverty-stricken little colony of Sierra Leone is now allowed to contribute annually towards its preservation for the Empire. The population might then have more to defend, and a more real stake in that Empire.

W. M. MACMILLAN

THE SENSE OF INNOCENCE

EUROPEANS have been confessing their guilt every Sunday for centuries; yet they have managed in a remarkable degree to preserve a sense of their innocence. The man who agrees while he is in church that he is a miserable sinner would strongly resent being reminded that he is a miserable sinner when he has got home. I was brought up to believe that I was a miserable sinner—that I was sinning every moment of the day, even if neither I nor anybody else could say how I was sinning—but, if I were accused of having committed any particular sin, my immediate instinct was to deny that I had done anything of the sort. "All we like sheep have gone astray," we agreed at the morning service, not without a luxurious feeling of rather vague guilt; but we did not like other people to tell us exactly in what direction we had gone astray. To be told that we were in a temper made us fly into a temper in defence of our good nature. To be accused of lying made us lie like troopers on behalf of our truthfulness. If some one had said to us: "You admit that you are a miserable sinner. Explain, then, of what sins you accuse yourself?" we should have hesitated for a moment and then, if we could have thought of such an answer, we should probably have replied: "Generally speaking, the sort of sins other people don't accuse us of."

Nor is this sense of innocence confined to ordinary, more or less respectable sinners. Criminals are obviously richly endowed with it. Pleas of "Not guilty" from the dock are not, I am sure, all mere formalities. I suspect that many criminals lie to themselves as brazenly as they lie to the judges. Even when they admit that they have committed some particular crime, they pride themselves on being innocent in comparison with others of their fellow-gaolbirds. I remember reading some essays written by prisoners while undergoing their sentences, and I noticed that several of the burglar essayists thanked God enthusiastically that, at least, they had never sunk so low as the prisoners who had committed sexual offences. The sexual offenders, it is said, are equally self-righteous. Murderers, I have heard, are rather stand-offish in their attitude to other criminals, regarding themselves as white sheep among the black.

It is difficult to say how far a human being can deceive himself. Complete self-deception is probably rare, but most of us can half-deceive ourselves successfully enough. For some curious reason, we can deceive ourselves in company more easily than when we are alone. When we are alone, no doubt, we have many flattering thoughts, but we also know the worst about ourselves fairly well. Remorse pricks us, and, though we find excuses for ourselves with one lobe of our brain, we end by pleading guilty at the bar of our conscience. At such a moment we should not even mind pleading guilty to a friend, if we were not afraid of boring him. But we should expect him somehow to contradict us or, at least, to palliate our offences. Take the drunkard, for example. He knows that he drinks too much; he does not mind confessing this, not only to himself, but to a sympathetic friend. But let the sympathetic friend beware of agreeing with him too heartily. "I wish to God," says the drunkard, "I could give up whisky." "Yes, old chap," says the sympathetic friend, "you were in a bad way last night." "How do you mean 'last night,'" says the drunkard, bristling; "last night I was as sober as a judge. I was drunk, I admit, the night before, but last night!" "Well," says the sympathetic friend, "you knocked over the lamp, you remember." At this the drunkard gets angry. "Do teetotailers never knock over lamps," he asks indignantly; "and when they do, do you put it down to their having drunk too much water? If a man drinks whisky, every accident that occurs to him is put down to the whisky; but, when the same accident happens to a teetotaller, it is regarded simply as an accident. Why, after I went to bed last night, I read two books of *Paradise Lost*, and, if I had been drunk, I could scarcely have done that." Thereupon the sympathetic friend retires into his shell, calling himself a fool for not having realised that what the drunkard wanted was, not acquiescence, but sympathetic contradiction. In other words, the drunkard made his confession only for the purpose of being reassured of his innocence.

Few men, indeed, drunkards or not, like to be regarded as guilty by other people. The liar hates being told that he is a liar, and, if the coward confesses his cowardice, he hopes his confession will be disbelieved. Criminals, even when admitting their crimes, have a way of excusing themselves on the ground that they have had "a raw deal" and never had "a fair chance"—anything, indeed, rather than admit that they were themselves to blame for what they had done. The sense of innocence, I am afraid, is ineradicable. It is, it seems to me, the chief barrier to the moral progress of mankind.

We see what havoc it is working in Europe at the present moment. Europe might now be a happy and prosperous continent if Herr Hitler had not restored her sense of innocence to Germany. After the Great War, Europe pronounced Germany guilty, as she undoubtedly was. As time went on, however, generous minds took the view that all the great nations were more or less guilty in the years that led up to the war, and ceased to blame Germany too severely. There was a general feeling, that the European powers would do well to make a joint confession: "All we like sheep have gone astray," and, meeting at Geneva, resolve to do better for the future. As other nations became faintly conscious of their sins, however, Germany became less and less conscious of hers. Voice after voice was raised to denounce "the War-guilt lie." The innocence of Germany supplanted Christianity as the faith of the leaders of the nation. And not only was Germany innocent of the crime of having caused the War; she was also innocent of every barbarity of which she was accused during her march through Belgium. She was even innocent of the minor crime of having lost the War: the Jews were responsible for that. Germany, indeed, was taught to look on herself as a lamb in a world of wolves—a lamb, at the same time, more powerful than any three wolves.

To-day, it is doubtful whether Herr Hitler would retain power for a month if he failed to keep alive the sense of innocence in Germany. Innocent in 1914, she is still innocent in 1939; and, of all Germans, he himself is the most innocent. No Black-and-Tan was ever more innocent than he. "I am a man of peace," he proclaims, "—a man of peace with more bombing planes than any war-monger in Europe." The worst thing he can think of calling anybody after "a Jew" is "a war-monger." And he calls everybody who builds aeroplanes except his friends a war-monger. He proudly points to the fact that he has never once made war since he came into power as proof of his innocence. He is as innocent, indeed, as a burglar who gets what he wants by producing a revolver and calling "Hands up" to an unarmed householder. The burglar, no doubt, in such circumstances, would like to convince himself that the householder had handed over the family jewels to him voluntarily.

Being innocent, Herr Hitler naturally resents being asked by Mr. Roosevelt not to attack any of his weaker neighbours. After all, which of us would like to be singled out and asked in public to sign a statement promising not to be cruel to children and not to write blackmailing letters? I can understand Herr Hitler's feelings when he is in effect accused of loitering with intent when he has only one leg over the wall that surrounds Poland's garden. All men found loitering with intent protest their innocence and are possibly convinced of it. Herr Hitler is so convinced of his innocence that he even invites other nations weaker than his own to say whether they feel that they are threatened by him, and when to save their skins they reply: "No," he adduces this as proof that, if only Europe were left to him, without the interference of Mr. Roosevelt and the Jews, the dove of peace would be cooing triumphantly from Achill Island to the Ural Mountains.

Hence, it must be extremely irritating to him to find him-

self, while labouring for peace, "encircled" by watchful powers. It is true that in ordinary life we are all "encircled" by policemen and do not feel irritated by this, however innocent we are. We even, unless we are burglars or blackmailers, like it. Perhaps, the sense of innocence is not so strongly developed in us as in Herr Hitler. I only hope that he is half as innocent as he says he is. If he is, I for one will believe him. Experience teaches, unfortunately, that the plea of "Not guilty" is heard more often from the guilty than from the innocent. "All we like sheep have gone astray" is a more fitting confession for honest men. There is too much sense of innocence in the world. Let us combine to get rid of it and at least be honest in our roguery. Y. Y.

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

One Afternoon

AT 3 p.m. I was listening to the first report of Herr Hitler's speech to the Reichstag, but by 3.30 p.m. I had gotten myself with relief out into the very different atmosphere of the open fields, the quietly busy fields, busy with their April life. Corn was springing, larks were singing, lambs and piglets being born. On my way I fell in with Henry, the man who looks to the sheep and the pigs. He is a dryly ironical man with a shrewd estimation of men and animals, comforting himself always with the warm little bowl of his pipe. On this particular afternoon he invited me to accompany him to the pen where a gilt was in process of farrowing—"pigging," as Henry more realistically calls it. Three little rosy nudities had already appeared, and Henry routed out a fourth from the straw, so weak that it could scarcely stand, as he sat it on its feet. Its shell-pink body faded swiftly from pink to cream, a startling transformation, as rapid as though a vein had been opened and the blood made to flow. The tiny thing became almost transparent; wavered once; staggered once; fell over; and died without a sigh. Henry, also without a sigh, threw it on to a rubbish heap. This little event of birth and death over, Henry began to wonder (as though he were thinking aloud to himself) how many piglets he could transfer in fostership from sow to sow: some sows produced too many, some too few; some sows with a big litter, fourteen or fifteen, had too few "deals," meaning dugs; others, the young sows, the gilts, might give birth to only three or four, and therefore might take over the responsibility for more mature and prolific mothers. I listened to Henry cogitating these matters, working out his problem of supply and demand: the supply of birth-rate, the demand for food. All this took place under an orchard flushed with blossom as pink as the flesh of the healthy little new-born pigs.

Henry then went on to show me the sheep he had put to eat off a crop of winter-proud wheat . . .

Now why, I often ask myself, should these ordinary things give me so deep and lasting a satisfaction? Why should Henry's simple expressions move me more profoundly than any Dictator's rhetoric? which, after all, is likely to affect my life and the lives of my countrymen in far greater degree. Such things cannot be set into their right proportion; they must always return to the question of personal temperament. I sometimes think that the love of nature and the natural seasonal life may attain the proportions of a vice; may obsess one to the extent of desiring nothing else, nothing beyond: a drowning, a lethargy, an escape, an indolence and an evasion.

Bluebells

Had Y. Y. not stolen my thunder last week, I should to-day be writing about the bluebells now spreading across the woods in clouds of low and horizontal smoke. They recall the smoke of autumn bonfires, only clinging to the ground instead of mounting through the trees, drifting slowly across the russet branches. Y. Y. did, however, steal my thunder very thoroughly, including an impeachment of the bluebell picker "who comes home carrying a bunch of bluebells on his handlebar." So I desist.

Thunder, I surmise, is not the correct word. Neither Y. Y. nor I could possibly be described as thunderous. I have met Y. Y. once only in my life, but from a constant perusal of his essays I imagine him to be a temperamentally pensive, secluded person, with tastes totally unsuited to the present day. I can imagine him very happy as the young Andrew Marvell at Appleton House, submitting patiently to the hours his tutorial duties imposed, escaping gratefully to the green shades beside the river Wharfe in his free afternoons. How deeply I find myself in agreement! The older I grow, the milder and more contemplative become my inclinations. I suppose it is because, as life becomes more and more confusing and alarming, I try to simplify it into the enduring terms I understand, which supplies the answer as to why I prefer Henry and the orchards and the cotes and all that they imply. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

OPERA AND BALLET

THE Covent Garden international opera season opened on Monday with a lively performance under Sir Thomas Beecham of Smetana's *Bartered Bride* (Die Verkaufte Braut), sung by a company of mixed nationals in German. This opera, which was written for the Czech provisional National Theatre in Prague and first produced there in 1870 when Smetana was forty-six years old, was not his first national opera, but it is the gayest and most popular of his eight patriotic stage works. It is a real comic opera, dealing with rural life in Bohemia, and has been compared by some critics to the comic operas of Mozart for its combination of gaiety, freshness, true sentiment and refined art. It is, however, a more truly national and a less international or supernational opera than any of Mozart's, and to this extent it does call for a Czech company to do full justice to its raciness and local colour.

With this reservation—to which may be added the apparent incapacity of English orchestras and conductors wholly to catch the spirit of the Czech dances—the performance at Covent Garden was a good one and had several attractive features. It was also well cast and most of the minor parts were excellent; for example, Mr. Arnold Matters was admirable in the part of Micha. The principal role of Marie was taken by Hilde Konetzni, whose Brünnhilde is familiar to opera-goers from former seasons at Covent Garden. Konetzni is not ideally suited to the part, her voice being much too heavy; but she is a very good artist and managed, in spite of this handicap, to give a convincing and moving performance as the young peasant girl owing to the nice fresh quality of her voice and to the technical refinement of her vocalisation. The part of Hans is well suited to Richard Tauber, but he did not seem to be in his best voice, and although he acted with intelligence and restraint he has certain vocal tricks which are irritating because they displayed a self-consciousness that is inartistic.

The conception of the part of the marriage-broker by that good singer Fritz Krenn, who sang the part of Baron Ochs in *Rosenkavalier* last year, was very carefully studied and well sung, but it lacked the final spontaneity that it needs; nevertheless, his performance with Richard Tauber of the famous comic duet in Act II was a brilliant piece of work and one of the successes of the evening. I also liked Heinrich Tessmer's very attractive representation of Wenzel, the village idiot. This is a part that can become a great bore if exaggerated and made farcical, but Tessmer's was a really artistic performance.

Smetana had a very unusual talent, and this comic duet as well as his whole handling of the part of the marriage-broker and the village idiot shows a vein of invention that is quite

fresh and owes nothing to Mozart or to Italian comic opera. His sentiment also is genuine, and thus the big duet between the lovers in the first act is delightful. The finale of this act with its combination of dances and chorus is very much fresher musically than is usual with this sort of rather conventional conclusion. Unfortunately, the third act falls off rather considerably and mars what otherwise would be a charming masterpiece. The composer's musical invention seems to flag and the librettist has certainly not done much to help him. The large-scale quintet merging into a sextet in this act might have turned the scales, but it is rather weak musically and not up to Smetana's highest level.

If freshness, spontaneity, genuine sentiment and gaiety are the virtues of Smetana's opera they are just precisely what is lacking in Lord Berners and Frederick Ashton's new ballet, *Cupid and Psyche*, just produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Probably these are not the qualities that the authors aimed at in their ballet, but the trouble is that it is difficult to discover what exactly their aim was. Lord Berners is a wit, highly intelligent and a man of taste and knowledge, and Mr. Ashton has shown that he possesses considerable choreographic ingenuity, but I cannot discover what their purpose was in selecting this most famous tale of Apuleius and neither guying it nor treating it seriously, and certainly not improving on it. The subject is treated in a rather trivial, dilettante fashion that in one respect even lacked a necessary fundamental commonsense and respect for the conventions of the art.

The whole point of the plot of *Cupid and Psyche* is that Psyche does not know who her lover is until she takes the lamp to see him sleeping by her side and spills the drop of burning oil upon him. Now you cannot make Cupid and Psyche dance together and enter the nuptial chamber together before this episode. One may say that this is not important and that ballet is not supposed to be realistic, but surely it is not a question of realism but of artistic logic. Also I am afraid that this carelessness is characteristic of the authors' attitude throughout. They seem to have no consistency of aim, no artistic plan, but merely a desire to amuse themselves with whatever bright idea that comes into their heads. One of these bright ideas is to make Jupiter and Juno reel backwards in the concluding dance as if affected by the nectar they have drunk. This raised a laugh, but such irrelevant laughs are not the sort of tribute I should expect Lord Berners and Mr. Ashton to be satisfied with.

The setting and costumes were designed by Sir Francis Rose; the Mediterranean backcloth of Scene I was quite pleasantly effective and Scene II would have been excellent if the flooring had been the same colour as the walls. The costumes were undistinguished and sometimes looked like a series of advertisements for aniline dyes. As an example of the march of time I have to remark that Lord Berners', like so much other modern music, seems to have lost its novelty. My criticism may sound more severe than I wish, but I am convinced that the real trouble with this production is one very prevalent to-day, namely, that inadequate preliminary thinking has gone to the making of it. W. J. TURNER

WOODLANDERS ON DEVI

EIGHTEEN years ago, in a palace in India, I read Hardy's *Woodlanders*. The palace was in course of construction. Three sides of the quadrangle were under the Office of Works, the fourth side, which was semi-sacred, was under the Commander-in-Chief. He was a simple, affable officer, who did not trouble himself with his army; indeed how could he, when they had no uniforms? His main duties were social: he drank port with us, he joined in a card-game called Jubbu, sitting on a carpet in the quadrangle while the coolies clanged and the dust fell and the cards were dealt anti-clockwise with the happiest results. He was full of little courtesies, and drove up one evening clasping a live fish in a towel; he hoped it would do for my supper. Rooted in reality, he did not trouble himself with the building; his side of the quadrangle rose but slowly, and never reached the stage of having floors. This did not signify, since it was intended as a memorial to the late Maharajah, rather than for residence; a few workmen hit at it, and contended with the superior hordes of the Office of Works, and saved his honour.

It is impossible to be too intricate on the subject of India, and it would never do to go on to Thomas Hardy without mentioning a third functionary connected with the building operations. His name was "Eighteen Offices." Eighteen Offices was bad tempered. He seldom appeared, and was never invited to play cards. He had certain vague rights over the material and the area and at times he would emerge from the city (which lay about a mile behind us), and would shout, lecture, contradict and interfere, kick up the shavings, and point angrily at the puddles of cement. He was understood to be asserting his honour, so the extra confusion he caused was not resented. "Eighteen Offices has arrived; we can but do little to-day." The Commissioner of Works and the Commander-in-Chief disputed with him, and with one another in his presence, but not acrimoniously. All three were drawing salaries, and remembered them.

If I turned from the confusion inside the palace I looked over the palace garden. This too was in course of construction, and caused me much anxiety, for I was in charge of it. It covered acres and acres, and before I arrived some grandiose scheme had been evolved of which I never got the hang. I begged for a plan, a memorandum. None was forthcoming. Ignorant of the language, or rather of both languages—for they talked Mahratti inside the palace and Urdu in the fields—I should have cut a silly figure had cuteness been the order of the day. Four lotus ponds, eighty-three semi-circular flower-beds, each measuring fifteen feet by seven and a half, nineteen rows of pits for mango trees, lemon-pits, an extension to the Electric House, two colossal terraces and a pergola—which was which, and which ought to be finished first? All one had to go by was dells and dumps. Cows got in, attracted by the stray tufts of vegetation, and I ran about chasing them. Large blocks of masonry lay in the way or in what seemed to be the way. I suggested moving them, but no, they belonged to Eighteen Offices, they had better be left. Expenditure was encouraged, and I bought bags upon bags of flower seeds: the desert should at all events blossom like an annual.

Just as the weather grew hot and the soil cracked, I made a tragic discovery. There was no water. There was plenty of provision for water—abundance of pipes, and a standard tap stood over each semi-circular bed, and everything connected with a raised cistern, a magnificent mass of metal which stood on four legs and dominated the country for miles. But there the sequence ended. The cistern was empty, nor could it ever be filled. The gardeners did their watering from two small wells which dried up in May. I lamented loudly, and went from colleague to colleague, asking for help. All agreed that it was very disheartening; what good to plant trees or sow seeds when they die? Suddenly the Commissioner of Works thought of the solution. "Oh!" he cried, "there is the Water that Speaks." "The Water that Speaks? What is that?" "A never quenchless well, ever running. We should have thought of it for your garden before." Others cried, "Yes, yes, the Water that Speaks." As soon as the day cooled we set out to inspect this marvel. It lay in a deep hole on the farther side of the raised chaussée. We scrambled down to it over rubble, warning one another against a huge black snake which was said to live close by. "It is beautiful water, but I don't see how we can use it for the garden," I said—all had waited for me to express an opinion. "The road is in the way for one thing. We can't pump it up in the cistern, and we can't carry it across in skins." "No we can't, we can't, it has been a mistake," agreed the others pleasantly. We returned to the palace in a pensive and friendly mood. They had shown me a kindness, and I had had the sense to see it when shown. I could then just realise—and I always realise it now—that these people were civilised, they were in accord

with their surroundings, they were not struggling to adjust themselves against time, like the doomed westerner. I give their untidiness a good mark too. For the last ten years have taught me that tidy streets, spotless railway stations and penalties for rubbish are often the outward signs of clean-ups and cruelty.

So the garden died, as gardens in India do, and just at the same time the building of the palace stopped in all its sections. The coolies trooped off to the Deccan, the Sikhs who were putting up the electric light went back to their firms, leaving wires hanging from the ceiling for the flies, and extra holes in the walls for the squirrels and birds. Economy was the reason: the State had suddenly decided it could afford no more. However, there were plenty of rooms to live in, and much less dust on the move and much more peace, and at last I began to read *The Woodlanders*.

Trees, trees, undergrowth, English trees! How that book rustles with them! I read it looking out over my bumpy burnt-up garden. Beyond the garden, on the farther side of the chaussée, rose Devi, a burnt up bump of a hill. Devi was sacred, and odd to look at, for it was topped by an outcrop of rock, which tilted jauntily, like a messenger boy's cap. It was brown like the garden, dusty like the palace, but not depressing, not dead. One day, as I raised my eyes to it, the trees I had been reading about transplanted themselves to its slopes and hung for a moment in a film of green. Not a vision, only a literary fancy, but a very pleasing one. The magic of Hardy had projected itself into this leafless spot, and, with no feeling of nostalgia, I saw the beeches and ashes and oaks of Wessex waving. The magic passed, Devi reappeared unclothed. Beneath the outcrop at its summit I could detect the cave which contained an unobtrusive god.

E. M. FORSTER

THE MOVIES

"The Oklahoma Kid" and "Going Places" at the Warner
"The Duke of West Point," at the London Pavilion
"Tail Spin," at the New Gallery
"J'étais une Aventurière," at the Academy

It's lucky we all like America so much, or we should have a thin time at the movies. The four American films listed above have no particular merit of idea or intention, but their surfaces are so racy that they are hardly ever dull. On the contrary, there is, as usual, the greatest enjoyment to be derived from the wit, gusto, uninhibited romanticism and sheer high spirits which appear, if you can trust Hollywood, to pervade the entire continent. From Arizona to Vermont, wherever the camera points its lens, there is always some one around—garage hand, lodging-house woman, or small storekeeper—whose look and speech are so charged with character that we could wish to see an entire film devoted to each of them. Americans, one thinks, must really be like that: equalitarian through and through, outspoken, fresh, mercifully free from our own trite circumlocutions and snobberies: pronouncing all the syllables like a machine-gun, never muttering "I mean to say" or "definitely not *quite* . . ." or "hang it all, my dear chap, it's not cricket." The fact must be faced that we are a less filmable people than the Americans: films have to be lively, a movie must move, and whatever our virtues liveliness is not one of them. A nation of stammerers, compromisers and appeasers, we positively enjoy our stagnation and recognise our portraits in the linoleum still-lifes of Burlington House.

The week's release from Hollywood, if never within measurable distance of art, is seldom less than good entertainment. *The Oklahoma Kid* is the best. An old-time saga of the opening up of Indian territory to the white man, it is directed with skill and played by Cagney at the top of his form. Cagney is the Good Bandit, and Humphrey Bogart a very Bad Bandit with the delicious name of Whip McCord. There is a spectacular land rush, a surprising scene in which Cagney, with almost Shavian brilliance, puts the case of the lawless against civilisation, and a number of saloon hold-ups carried out with the complicated punctilio demanded by the rules. In fact what Hollywood calls a horse opera, but played for all it is worth, and intensely enjoyable. *Going Places* is a rather funny farce, with Dick Powell as a clothes salesman posing as an aristocratic horseman, and some rich clowning from Walter Catlett (in a Franklin Pangborn part), Allen Jenkins and the latter's moon-faced accomplice, whose name I failed to discover.

The Duke of West Point is a reversed *Yank at Oxford*, Louis Hayward playing with great charm the British-bred youth who returns to America to enter the famous military academy, where he irritates everyone by his accent and his bounce. Most of the film is devoted to the efforts of his seniors to deflate his self-confidence by means of the familiar sarcasms and rough treatment; what is unusual is the amount of sympathy claimed for the rebel against dullness and stupidity. Is it really a good advertisement of West Point to show its cadets condemning one of their number to three and a half years' enforced "Coventry" for a single infringement of the honour code? Of course it transpires that the hero had only broken his word in order to perform a far, far nobler action than any other plebe had ever dreamt of, and the film ends with his public restitution on the barrack square *à la Dreyfus*. It contains all the customary ingredients of its type, such as Tom Brown ("Gee, fellers"), football matches, ice hockey (I liked this) and the wise old Academy bore who murmurs to the boys: "This place does something to you, it gets down inside of you, and you never get rid of it."

Tail Spin certainly supports the view that holds all aviators to be slightly mad. It deals with a group of girls who enter for air contests, relying on the prize money for their livelihood. There are a lot of them, mostly blonde and all in overalls, so that it is not too easy to tell them apart; and presently they are joined by a rich "Society aviatrix" (Constance Bennett), also blonde, who with her brand new "Lester Special" is a menace to them all. Hereabouts there is a little timid sociology and Miss Bennett is informed that she has never been up against anything real in her life; but argument gives way to face-slapping, and the film, which has as many themes as blondes, is soon off on another tack. This time it is Lois Allen, whose marriage is almost embarrassingly happy; but her husband crashes to death, and she—after an interval of numb grief—surprises us all by turning to the Book of Ruth: for spiritual comfort, one supposed; but one supposed wrong, for she just took a look at the passage about "whither thou goest there will I go, and where thou diest there will I die," and stole down in the early morning with a suspiciously *exalté* gleam in her eyes. Looking every moment more rapt, she did a power dive and failed to pull out of it. Everybody thought there was something rather beautiful about this, and one character roundly said so. I told you they were all nuts.

J'étais une Aventurière is about a bogus Russian countess (Edwige Feuillère) who falls in love with one of her wealthy victims and is blackmailed by her former confederates. Neat, efficient and a little dull; but the programme also includes the admirable L.C.C. Jubilee film.

PETER GALWAY

PAINTING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE balance of the Royal Academy's annual show has shifted so gradually that the change has not at any moment been apparent. This change is part of the movement from marble halls to service flats. It is noticeable in the decline of the subject picture and the rise to importance of gay sketches. These, fated it seems to be splashes or notes of colour in white or off-white rooms, are more noticeable in the catalogue than on the walls. For though they are in great numbers, they hang too high or too low and are easy to ignore in intervals between the dreadful statesmen and the deadly wives,

who have the best spaces. These little pictures represent the academic's aesthetic conscience, an attempt to be broad-minded without giving too much away.

It is at any rate among these less ambitious pictures that the most successful of the year are to be found. There is a small picture of flowers by Sir George Clausen, several landscapes by Lucien Pissarro, one good landscape by R. O. Dunlop (whose large works are depressingly bad) and a pleasing view of Bristol port by Lord Methuen. Sir Walter Russell's little estuary scenes aim between Boudin and Steer and hit somewhere about Lepine and water; his portrait *Jeannette* has a nostalgic flavour of Tonks, the New English and culture. Nevinson's pictures of Paris look well. A double portrait by Sir William Rothenstein in which he has attempted to make a picture out of the most depressing pseudo-arty middle class subject matter, is a failure but a brave one. *Charlotte Street, Bristol*, by John Whitlock—a snow scene—is the best thing of its kind in the exhibition. Half a dozen pictures by the late Henry Bishop show the sensibility of a minor Marquet. *Evening* by Carel Weight, *Judith* by James Fitton are agreeable pictures which would not seem so outstanding in the London Group, and there must be half a dozen sensitive sketches of Provence and the English seaside, which without being exciting or profound remind one that elsewhere art is carried on. The majority even of these small pictures are poor and pretentious. Bunches of tulips fill too well the gaps left by departing Highland cattle.

Among the larger pictures Stephen Bone's *Westminster* is bold and competent. Ethel Walker's decoration is sensitive and painterly. Louisa Hodgson has what purports to be a problem picture, a trivial, crude, publicity-seeking modern nativity. More sympathetic than this are Algernon Newton's *Sentinels of Peace*—white horsemen in the sky above a crashed Hawker Hurricane—and Charles Spencer's *Why War?* The latter is meticulously and minutely painted. It may not be a work of art but it is a considerable feat of craftsmanship. *A Village Rendezvous* by Stanhope Forbes looks an anachronism, and Munnings a bit out of date. The academicians who are best adapted to the spirit of the time are Dame Laura Knight and Russell Flint. The feebleness of the former's gipsy pictures has to be seen to be believed; her large landscape is an achievement of a sort, rather like an infra-red *Times* photograph, to be wondered at rather than admired. Russell Flint's nudes are good value, a sort of elevated sex appeal for those who don't like girls as they are. Charles Cundall continues to record Royal Progresses, Launches and Foundation Stones, worthy works; one wishes they were more successful as pictures. *The Royal Academy Selection and Hanging Committee* 1938 by Frederick Elwell is dull enough and very mechanical but it commands respect. This is the sort of thing the Academy does best.

The dominating element in this year's Academy is of course the portraits. Not those by Henry Lamb or Ethel Walker or even A. R. Thomson, which combine art with portraiture, nor indeed those like No. 180 by George Henry, No. 649 by Stef. M. Fisher, which are manifestly incompetent, but the regular slap-up Academy portrait, painted of a business man by a business man for a business man. In no period has there been painting with so little of art in it as there is in these shallow precise feats of naturalism. Totally unrealistic, they horribly resemble the life they portray. The best of these is probably Gerald Kelly, who without any of Ingres's strength or Degas's imagination manfully finishes his pictures. And, dull and characterless though they are, one has to admire the honesty and the hint of painterly qualities. Simon Elwe's portrait of Queen Mary is redeemed by some feeling for the paint, though perhaps the best that can be said for it is that it is a bold piece of scene painting. His *Dom Anscar Vonnier*, the late Abbot of Buckfast, painted as a jovial friar, is a piece of insensitive vulgarity only rivalled by another religious in the same room who is made to appear a figure of fun. Dugdale, Eves and de Glehn are real painters, but utterly inartistic, owing their bravura to John and their success to their lack of his insight. James Gunn, Francis Dodd, Harold Knight, Richard Jack and Frederick Elwell, these are the central bloc, literal, naturalistic and painstaking. A note of decadence is added by Gerald Brockhurst's livid painted ladies.

If any example were required of drawing without a hint of imagination, of painting without the least feeling for paint, here it is by the square yard. For these painters the Academy is a place to show and sell their pictures, an institution which confers credit and distinction on its members, a key to a pretty safe living and a steady position and a position to which they chose their own successors. For these sound materialists who will have none of that rubbish about art the Academy is a business proposition. A business proposition, what is more, which is monopolistic and subsidised by the State.

GRAHAM BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Hungarian Rhapsody," at the Adelphi

It was hardly necessary to play Brahms' "Hungarian Rhapsody" as an introduction to the show. The Hungarian lady who stood up in the stalls exhibiting an exquisitely embroidered cloak was a much better advertisement. And the show itself was fresh, lively and delightful. Ballad and ballet account for most of the turns. The music is full of attractive tunes, as indeed it should be, for among the composers were Dohnanyi and Kodaly. And for once in a London theatre the décor charms the eye. If Glyndebourne or Covent Garden would send someone to look at these scenes it might save us from some of their dowdier horrors. There was an especially pleasant drop-curtain of beech-leaves in a wood; and in this scene, too, an old woman gathering sticks and interrupted by keepers, sang again and again an air which enchanted and which is what one takes away from the evening. We can recommend *Hungarian Rhapsody* to everyone who wants to escape the revue-musical-comedy jam of the London stage summer. Let's say it with czardas, for a change.

"Scandal in Assyria," at the International Theatre

A satire on Fascism set in an Assyria gleaming with Motley's purple and gold, peopled by Messrs. Thesiger, Milton, Brent and Sullivan and produced by Mr. Gielgud would have to be very bad to avoid seeming fairly good. Mr. Kjellstrom's play is a syncopated variation on Esther and Ahaseurus, with the wicked Haman as head of a Fascist movement and Esther as the *dea ex machina* who overthrows him at the eleventh hour, and fluctuates startlingly between passionate sincerity and the crudest sort of anachronistic knockabout. Tragic relief in a farce is all very well, but the contrast between Mr. Milton's prophetic chanting as the noblest Hebrew of them all and Mr. Brent's brilliantly comic-strip yiddishness is so extreme that it ceases to be effective —Shakespeare didn't let the Porter interrupt Macbeth's soliloquies. But whatever the dramatic qualities of the play it serves as the vehicle—or rather triumphal chariot—for a lavish and amusing production. To see Mr. Thesiger petulantly prostrating himself, or Mr. William Gates announcing his superiors with the contorted grace of a Ninevian frieze more than compensates for the platitude of the sentiments and the occasional dreariness of the dialogue. The leading characters, unfortunately, seemed miscast; Mr. Sullivan was hardly at his best as the subtle dictator, and Miss Sybille Binder found Esther—her first part in this country—rather too much for her. If décor, theme, production and fine acting in the small parts are enough in themselves, we may yet see *Scandal in Assyria* as a West End success.

Contemporary Paintings, Dublin: Graham Bell and Thomas Carr

From an eyrie above Foster Place, Graham Bell (an Englishman who has penetrated the character of Dublin) watched the façade of Trinity College until it seemed to advance and recede before his gaze. His appraising eye insinuated itself into the broken colour frontage of that building in Corinthian style—all else is blurred, and the traffic and figures below seem silent and ghostly against the vibrancy of Trinity College. The weather is foggy, the scene is rendered in a soft-focus. Queer that only solid masonry seems alive and mobile in its bruise-blacks and sombre purples; the façade throbs while all else only steals on tip-toe. Bell surprises the River Liffey as it swells under a Dublin bridge on its way to dissolution in the Irish Sea ("Liffey by Night").

Jauntily it rushed from the Wicklow mountains and through the comely plains of Kildare, now it is night and its end approaches. The inky water is decked with coloured lights and gewgaws like a savage victim prepared for sacrifice; it swells up the piers of the bridge seeming to grasp for more light reflections before it flows to the sea. The paint is thick but the water pressing under the Liffey bridge seems light and aerated.

Sometimes Thomas Carr (a Northern Irishman) seems to paint on silk: there is a sheen and a smoothness in his "River Loddon." Sometimes he is firm and positive as in "Snow on Lagan Canal, 2." In the former the river bank seems to quiver before him, the earth of early summer is wavering in front of his drowsey eyes. There is a haze and a gentle heat—more a refracted warmth which comes up from the ground than a distressing scorching from above. There is a delicious sense of laziness in the composition, the languid river, the thirsty trees, cool greens in the middle-ground, and the consolation of comfortable human habitations in the background. Carr feels the seasons intensely. The snow of the canal scene is such snow as man is punished by in this exile from Eden; there is nothing decorative in it—it is the relentless snow which makes the lot of country people so hard; it is not there for those who favour the old-fashioned sort of Christmas card. The wooded hill in the back is frost-stiff—how sharp the air must be! A glimpse of canal water to the foreground is unchanged by its surroundings, a trifle more pellucid perhaps but yet peculiarly unaffected by the immense transformation of the landscape. There is in the work of Thomas Carr something modern (in an unusual sense), for his scenes have the fleeting quality of what is viewed from our motor-cars. No longer do we stand in the full air and sop up the scenery with a steady gaze; almost all our contact with gorgeous scenes is through the frame of the wind-screen. He has the gift of capturing a lovely glassy scene, such a scene which we have felt we ought pull up and admire if it wasn't for the glory of doing fifty.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, May 6th—
National Union of Women Teachers Educational Conference, University College, Sessions: 10.30 and 3.
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Queen's Hall, 11.

SUNDAY, May 7th—
Labour Sunday; Holy Eucharist at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 11. Preacher, Rev. Conrad Noel.
Prof. F. Aveling: "Behaviour, Introspection and Scientific Method," Conway Hall, 11.
Recital by Gigli, Albert Hall, 3.
Miss R. M. Tweedy: "Malnutrition," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, May 8th—
Opening of Ballet Rambert Season, Mercury.

TUESDAY, May 9th—
Donald Soper: "The P. P. U. and Conscription." Friends House, 1.20.
Anthony Blunt: "The French Encyclopaedists and the Arts, Warburg Institute, 5.30. And on May 16th and 23rd.
Debate: "Collective Security *v.* Pacifism." Speakers: Lord Ponsonby and K. Zilliacus. Kensington Town Hall, 8.15.
R. Money-Kyrle: "Varieties of Group Formations," 96 Gloucester Place, 8.30.
Ballet de la Jeunesse Anglaise, Cambridge.

WEDNESDAY, May 10th—
Prof. R. A. Eastwood: "Restraint of Trade and Trade Protection," London School of Economics, 5.
"Bridge Head," Westminster.

THURSDAY, May 11th—
Debate: "That the Emancipation of Woman Is a Mistake," Proposer: Mr. A. M. Ludovici, Opposer: Mrs. A. Blanco White, 153 Finchley Road, 8.15. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.* in aid of North-Western Child Guidance Clinic.

Correspondence

BLUM AND CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—M. Blum has advised the Labour Party to accept conscription at the hands of the Chamberlain Government, regardless of what we may think of its policy or intentions. The last time I remember him giving us advice was in Geneva in September, 1937. At that time, the British and French Governments were torn between those who were afraid of the consequences of the Fascist Axis establishing itself in Spain and those who wanted to help the Fascists crush Republican Spain. The result was that at the League Assembly they approved of a resolution demanding the raising of the arms embargo unless all foreign combatants in Spain were withdrawn "in the near future" (*"dans un bref délai."*)

The Spanish Government demanded a date—say two or three months. This demand the British and French Governments refused, but gave verbal promises, which were afterwards repudiated and denied, that unless Italian evacuation began in ten days they would raise the arms embargo.

In the crucial discussion between the British and French delegates and Alvarez del Vayo, my friend and our fellow-Socialist, M. Blum, took part in order to assist his delegate (was it not M. Bonnet?) to urge Del Vayo to give up the demand for a date and to trust the British and French Governments.

I shall never forget Del Vayo's face as he emerged from that meeting, nor the deep disgust and bitterness with which he spoke of M. Blum's failure to stand by the Spanish people.

To do M. Blum justice, he did his share of the hangman's work of "non-intervention," not because he thought it right but because he did not dare to act on his belief that it was wrong. He considered the slow murder of Spanish democracy a lesser evil than the risks of standing up to the French reactionaries and to the British National Government.

In home affairs, too, M. Blum regarded surrender always as a lesser evil than the risk of a crisis by resistance. In July, 1936, the French Socialist Party were the largest party in the Chamber and the leaders of the victorious Popular Front. By always regarding capitulation as a lesser evil than resistance the Party, under M. Blum's leadership, let themselves be pushed out of the Government and let MM. Daladier and Bonnet establish their own critical dictatorship.

To-day the Party is mainly deeply divided, morally discredited and politically impotent. M. Blum is still its leader. Is he in a position to advise to do likewise?

M. Blum belongs to that pre-war generation of Social-Democrats, born and bred in the piping times of peace, whose record is writ in the annals of the Russian Mensheviks and the German and Italian Social-Democrats. The political breed to which he belongs is organically incapable even of facing that situation, let alone giving a lead.

The French Government demand conscription here. We reply by demanding a Government which represents French democracy, pledged to a policy of emancipation and reconstruction in its own Empire bent on making a reality of the Franco-Russian alliance. How much attention are the British workers going to pay to appeals from a government which still contains M. Bonnet?

We must resist conscription by any and every means until this country (1) is an ally of the Soviet Union, (2) is pledged to a decent Imperial policy and conscripts wealth, and (3) has a Government that does not contain the chief authors of our misfortunes.

K. WILLIAMS

THE QUAKER VIEW

SIR,—May I be allowed, as one of those concerned, to point out that Mr. Kingsley Martin has somewhat misrepresented the attitude of the "ardent Quaker" working in Spain who "spoke with horror of Chamberlain's policy." We certainly hoped that something might be done to stop Hitler, but we believed, and still believe, in the possibility of stopping him by means other than war or the threat of war. When we heard the broadcast announcement of Chamberlain's dash to Germany, we allowed ourselves to hope that after all he might by a miracle prove to be a statesman of sufficient courage and far-sightedness to find an honourable way out of the world's *impasse*. Our disappointment was all the more bitter when we learned that he had dared to give away, with a parade of generosity, what was never his to give, instead of making a sacrifice that might conceivably have convinced even Hitler that England really desired peace and meant to pursue a policy which would remove some of the causes of war.

"Appeasement," backed by a rapidly-growing fleet of bombers is both abhorrent and innately absurd; such a policy could only fail ignominiously while discrediting efforts towards genuine appeasement based on understanding and repentance for past mistakes. The Munich agreement was a betrayal not only of the Czechs, but of all those both in England and in Germany who sincerely work for peace. There was nothing whatever to be said in its favour except that it was one degree better than open war. I cannot, of course speak for the non-Quaker members who actually formed the great majority of all our workers in Spain

(though their splendid loyalty to principles with which they must often have disagreed made this fact sometimes difficult to remember). It was, I think, chiefly with them that Mr. Kingsley Martin talked.

It cannot, surely, be too late even now to find a way of escape from the present terrible situation—particularly horrifying to those of us who have seen what happened in Spain and can thus form some faint idea of what will happen in England if war comes. Surely no one not blinded by prejudice or fear can have read the reports of Hitler's speech last week without bitter shame for the truth of the reproaches it contains. If we continue to treat Hitler like a mad dog we shall all go mad and die together. Only a total change of leaders and policy can save us and the world—are there not sufficient men of good will to bring it about?

Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. NORMAN P. JACOB

[We agree, and have often said, that it is vital for the British Government to denounce its own exclusive imperialism and offer, not Dangeld in other people's currency, but a genuine international settlement. But we fear it is naive to think that when Hitler wanted Czechoslovakia he would have taken Tanganyika instead!—ED. N.S. & N.]

IS THE PUBLIC TO BLAME?

SIR,—In his recent article Tom Harrisson gives an example of the results which can be obtained by making an enquiry among a sample of the population. This type of enquiry has been used in some of the historic social surveys, but its use on a large scale has received a considerable impetus from the growing use of market research enquiries by commercial firms. Market research at the present time is trying to develop a scientific technique in its field work. Often the results it produces can be compared with actual sales. It is discredited if there is an unreasonable margin between the two figures. There are three major ways in which the truth can be distorted in a commercial research.

The first point is that the sample must be completely random (preferably pre-selected) and widely distributed, and that, in quoting the results of a perfectly random sample, allowance must be made for the chance errors of sampling, which depend upon the size of the sample and the ratio of replies. Tom Harrisson had a sample of 1,000, and one of his replies was that 28 per cent. of the people interviewed supported Chamberlain's policy. It is by no means certain that in a larger sample this figure would have stayed at 28 per cent. It is practically certain that it would have been somewhere between 24 per cent. and 32 per cent., and in 19 cases out of 20 it would have been between 25 per cent. and 31 per cent. To reduce the range from 3 per cent. on either side of the figure to 1 per cent. on either side it would be necessary to have a sample of about 10,000 persons.

The second point is how the questions are phrased and asked. It is obviously possible to ask a leading question so as to obtain nearly any answer you want. In commercial market research one question might have been carelessly phrased "Why did you buy this book?" and the answer which would be obtained would vary according to the changing of the stress on each of the last three words. The same informant might reply to three different investigators: "Because I could not borrow it"; "Because I like the author"; "Because I prefer reading to listening to a gramophone." So that again in examining Tom Harrisson's results we ought to know how the questions were framed and that they were always asked in the same way.

Finally, we know from commercial research that the personality of the investigator can profoundly influence the replies given, even on questions of simple fact. It is because of these last two points that commercial research tends to limit its questions to facts about recent behaviour, and to be chary of recording opinions and reasons. Here I think Mass Observation does become suspect, since most of the mass observers have marked political views.

These qualifications and criticisms should not be taken to deprecate the value of enquiries of this kind, but we must read the results with caution and we must ask those who make the enquiries to quote them with a similar caution. This is important because this type of enquiry seems to be growing. Already it is widely used for political purposes in America, where Dr. George Gallup is now running the Institute of American Opinion. The results he gets are syndicated to some sixty leading American papers. In England Dr. Gallup has created a similar organisation, and the results are published in the *News Chronicle*. The paper was unlucky in that after several unpublished by-election forecasts, which proved to be correct, it attempted to make a forecast of the Batley result, but the error of sampling took a hand and the *News Chronicle* forecast was wrong.

Commercial market research began because the manufacturer felt that he was remote from the people who used his product and on whom he depended for his continued sales. The governments of democratic countries seem to be equally remote from the common people and what they think. A government is elected on an issue which is usually irrelevant at the time and is generally dead before the first meeting of the new Parliament. The spokesmen of the government and of the opposition parties speak for the country but do not know what, if anything, the country thinks. By other countries it is assumed that newspaper editorials represent the voice of the people, but sometimes the newspapers are representing what they think is public opinion, at other times they are manufacturing opinion. At the present time it is said that one of the few hopes of a permanent peace must lie in the peoples of the various countries getting to understand and know the point of view of the people in other countries. We must get behind the statements of Prime Ministers and Führers, of politicians and officials. It is not too much to suggest that the growth of published sample enquiries into public opinion could become one of the minor safeguards of democratic freedom, and could be a real safeguard against misrepresentation. It is one of the ways of bridging the gulf between the people of democratic and of totalitarian countries, but it is a weapon which must be used with care and with complete honesty. HUGH WEEKS

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—In your last issue "Critic" writes: "The Left Book Club is the only organisation in the country capable of organising a rally of the kind that filled the Empress Hall. . . . It was an astonishing platform . . . there were wide divergences of philosophy, but here, *united on the main issue of opposing the Chamberlain Government* (my italics), was the right leadership for a genuinely progressive movement." "Critic" then goes on to deplore that the support of the Labour Party was lacking, "but what a difference it would have made if Morrison, Dalton and Bevin, and the rest, had long ago been willing to join forces on this Popular Front platform."

The Left Book Club Popular Front meeting was held on April 24th, and before THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of that week was on sale on the bookstalls, "the right kind of leadership for a genuinely progressive movement" had the opportunity to prove *by action* its "unity against Chamberlain." What happened on April 28th in the House of Commons? According to the *Manchester Guardian* (29/4/39) the Liberal Party had "an unhappy experience." Sir Archibald Sinclair only took six of his followers into the lobby against Chamberlain's Conscription proposal; seven Liberals, including Lloyd George and other members of his family, voted *with* the Government and four did not vote at all!

Of the four who did *not* vote at all we find Mr. Richard Acland and Mr. Wilfred Roberts, both ardent advocates for the Popular Front on the Left Book Club platform! "Critic" described Lloyd George as "expressing the radical individualism and love of liberty which is his real faith" on the Monday, but we see him, on the Thursday following, giving his vote to the Chamberlain Government on a major issue of Government policy!

Well might the Labour Party ignore the babblings of its intellectuals and decide to make party independence its only sound basis for effective government. JOHN TAY

Leicester.

SIR,—Believing, as our Society has always done, that all war is wrong and a denial of the spirit and teaching of Christ, we are impelled to add our emphatic protest, on Christian grounds, against all conscription proposals.

Recognising "that of God in every man," we hold that compulsory military service denies to the individual the opportunity of following the leadings of the spirit of God within him. The legal penalties consequent upon loyalty to conscience are designed to, and may, deter many young men from asserting their inalienable rights and force them to surrender their freedom of decision. Therefore no conscience clauses designed to exempt a few will diminish our utmost resistance to a denial of the rights of all.

On behalf of Manchester Friends' Peace Committee.

Friends' Meeting House, 6 Mount Street, Manchester, 2. WINIFRED A. GARNETT, Chairman

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS

SIR,—May I be permitted to make some observations on the editorial note in your issue of the 29th April?

The Society does not claim that the Access to Mountains Bill, in the form in which it has been passed by the House of Commons, gives the public everything that they want, or that the Society would like them to have; but it does claim that under it they will obtain very great advantages, and that many of the criticisms which have been directed against it are greatly exaggerated.

Put shortly, the criticisms are :—

(*a*) That the Bill gives no general right of access, but only access to particular areas under an Order of the Minister.

The answer to this is that it has been found impossible to devise any watertight definition of the kinds of land to which a general right of access could apply. "Mountain and moorland" are only popular terms. It would be impossible in many cases to decide whether a particular area over which the public wished to roam was "mountain or moorland" or not, and endless disputes would result. Under the Minister's Orders, the land to which access is given will be clearly defined on maps which will be available for public inspection. This method has also enabled the classes of land to which access may be given to be extended to include heaths and downs, and one or other of these categories will often include cliffs and other coastal areas, access to which is very important.

(*b*) That there are no limits to the restrictions and conditions which the Minister may impose.

The answer is that there is one very effective limit. The Bill is an "access" Bill; that is to say, its object is to create public rights of access, subject only to such restrictions as are proved at a public inquiry to be necessary in the circumstances. It is quite unjustifiable to assume that the Minister will so limit the public rights as to make them valueless; indeed, it will be his duty, if he receives an application for an Order, to give the most extensive rights that the circumstances permit.

(*c*) That the Bill makes trespass in certain circumstances a crime.

Those circumstances will be, if the Minister is satisfied that certain parts of an "access" area must be temporarily placed "out of bounds" during certain periods, and makes an Order accordingly, and a member of the public then wilfully disregards the terms of the Order. On what grounds of equity can it be claimed that the owner of the land should have no power to enforce a condition that the Minister considers necessary? Those who consider that no modification of the present law of trespass is permissible forget that the Bill itself makes a great and unprecedented alteration in the law of trespass for the benefit of the public, by enabling them to roam at large over land in private ownership. If the present law of trespass is to be regarded as sacrosanct, then any kind of Access to Mountains Bill must be ruled out.

The Society is satisfied that if the Bill is utilised, the result will be to give the public access on reasonable conditions to very large tracts of land from which they are at present excluded; and that is surely the point of importance.

LAWRENCE CHUBB
Secretary,
Commons, Open Spaces and
Footpaths Preservation Society.

71 Eccleston Square,
Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

SIR,—If your picture of me as a parliamentary lay figure is indulgent it does not excuse my short-sightedness and stupidity! I doubt if you observe the best standards of journalism by printing a number of untruths and half truths without verifying your statements. I take full responsibility for the Bill! I negotiated certain of its principles and I exercised my own independent judgment. I received invaluable help from Sir Lawrence Chubb and his Society, but never did he or his Society make or attempt to make me their docile medium in this matter. Both Sir Lawrence and myself recognise that such a course would be inconsistent with the responsibility, independence and dignity of a Member of Parliament.

The parliamentary struggle for access has been a long one. Last December a rare opportunity of achieving a measure of access came. I seized it by the introduction of the old Bill and the House of Commons endorsed its principle. For some time many open-air spokesmen had agreed with Parliament that the old Bill made "impossible" law. The Commons, in giving a second reading, asked that there should be some definition of scheduling of the lands covered by the Bill, some safeguards in respect of certain interests and dangers, that negotiations between contending parties should proceed and agreement used to amend the Bill and that the form of the Bill might be modelled on the 1925 Act in respect to Common Lands. I am in disgrace for having fulfilled these conditions, although these facts were known at the second reading and brought me considerable congratulations.

As a private Member, I had only a very limited time to carry through negotiations and all the stages of the Bill in the Commons. That compelled me, with reluctance, to drop Scotland. Constitutional practice forbade me, as a private Member, to initiate any public expenditure and, therefore, I could not throw the cost of public inquiries and maps on to the Exchequer. The Commons frustrated my effort to include cliffs and foreshores, and procedure disallowed the inclusion of the principles of dedication by landowners of their lands for access. Within these limits I had to work with an infinite number of interests—public and private—without any majority or Whips in the Commons and aware that there was a Second Chamber. A Bill that was little more than a propaganda declaration of the right of public access to undefined lands had to be transformed into a scheme which would implement the principle, regulate conflicting rights, give fair protection to *legitimate* rights in the land, and clearly define which lands the public could get legal access to.

You speak of the costly and cumbersome machinery of the Bill. It is not unlike that in the 1925 Act which has given general satisfaction. In a few details it may be simplified, but it is difficult to see how the general scheme could be much altered if people are to know precisely what areas they have access to and if the public and private interests in private land have to be adjusted with the public claim to wander. Many orders to open land will undoubtedly be made without the necessity of a public inquiry. While it is true that the cost will be borne by those initiating the application for access, local authorities may apply for Orders and bear any cost involved. They may also contribute to any cost rambling organisations may incur.

You complain that no limits are assigned in the Bill to the restrictions and conditions which a Minister may impose, and then you add an unwarranted assertion that the moors in the Peak may be closed in the summer. You had previously said that the ramblers were prepared, where owners' interests might be prejudiced by access, for access to be restricted during certain seasons of the year! It is difficult to reply to this confusion. I deliberately refused to agree that the lands concerned in the Bill should be closed for any defined special seasons (except immediate danger of fire) at any time. Whether or not limits as to restrictions and conditions (the general conditions are set out in the Bill) should be imposed on the Minister is a matter of political judgment. The Minister will be administering an access act; Parliament will have declared for the principle; he will be subject to public criticism and questions; he is a public representative. Any interest requiring restrictions is required under the Bill to establish its case in a public inquiry with the right of disputants to challenge that case. In these circumstances, it was highly dangerous to the public to define precisely the limitations on the Minister in respect to access to the moors. It is extremely unlikely that the Minister in exercising his discretion will determine that moors shall be closed altogether. Even in cases where prohibition may be necessary, routes will be found.

Your next comment is that "people are not to be prosecuted under the Bill if they trespass unintentionally. . . . 'Trespassers will be prosecuted' will tell the truth." You must know that this is a misrepresentation of facts. Our effort has been to get some kind of workable scheme which would safeguard the legitimate and special interests of all those who are concerned in the land. The Bill deals with mountains, moors, heaths and downs. The common law in respect to trespass remains except for lands which become "access" land. At night, trespass law will operate on access land, and in the daytime it will cease to operate. The public for the first time will enjoy a legal right to take air and exercise on that access land. An unwilling landlord will have no right to stop access. There may be, however, certain pieces of land inside such access areas in respect to which restrictions may be imposed for certain periods either by agreement or by Minister's Order after a public inquiry. The Minister must determine what restrictions in the interests of the public or of the special interests are necessary. If there is an *intentional* trespass into such parcels of land when the Minister has made an Order closing them to access, a sanction may be imposed should a prosecution occur. This may be an incursion into the law of trespass within narrow limits of time and space, but such restrictions with penalties

operate on lands held by public authorities and utility concerns to-day, on certain common lands and open spaces and in certain Acts of Parliament for certain circumstances.

Some ramblers to-day have a contempt for the law of trespass and they try to go where they will. Private and public property exists with legitimate rights in it. Those who contest the point in the Access Bill ask that they shall wander where and when they will irrespective of restrictions and deliberately invade any part of an area which, for reasons good to the Minister, should be excluded from access. Personally, I would trust the good behaviour of the rambler, but the point in dispute as to sanctions was made necessary by the representatives of public interests. The operation of this limited point, however, ought to be seen in its right proportions.

I conclude by saying that important concessions were made by the landowners. It is not their triumph, nor are mountains made less accessible. There has been a great extension of the ramblers' interests. The Bill is admittedly a compromise, but on the whole it is a fair solution to a very complicated problem. If the Bill is operated it will open out many great spaces in this country and prove a great public advantage.

A. CREECH JONES

CÉZANNE

SIR,—I would like to question the truth of two separate statements in the very able and sympathetic article on Cézanne by Mr. Graham Bell in your last issue. In it he says " what humiliation could be added after the vulgarisation by the Fauves, misunderstanding by Cubists . . . " He regards Cézanne rightly in my opinion as one of the very great artists of the world. But I think he underrates the value of Cézanne's influence on the Cubists and the Fauves. It would be true to say that the Cubist movement has come to an end. But that does not affect its value. Rather than a misunderstanding, I should say that Cubism had been a perfectly conscious if rather doctrinaire application of one of the qualities in Cézanne's painting, that of abstraction. Cubist painting will never be popular in the sense that Cézanne is becoming and ought to be. Nor for that matter as are Giotto and Raphael. The influence of these two great painters on those immediately affected by them, was in the nature of a complete misunderstanding of any but their rhetorical qualities. But painters should be grateful for a completely disinterested movement, which the Cubist movement was, and which produced some noble works by de la Fresnaye, Picasso, Bracque and Derain.

As for the other point, that he was vulgarised by the Fauves, I think Mr. Bell does less than justice to that other departure from Cézanne which led to the early experiments of Matisse, and again of Bracque and Derain. Nor does he seem to be aware of the value of the impetus given to such artists of a just previous generation as Bonnard, Vuillard, Maillol and Maurice Denis.

Personally, I should have preferred Mr. Bell to have paid a tribute to the vitality of modern French painting by recognising the just appreciation of the genius of Cézanne by such a variety of talent.

DUNCAN GRANT

[Mr. Bell writes : " In my opinion Cubism misunderstood Cézanne's abstraction, basing itself on a dubious remark of Cézanne rather than on his practice. Cubism seems to me painting by preconception ; Cézanne's art is research. Fauvism fell into a more elementary error in thinking that Cézanne's magic came from painting the earth red and the sky dark blue. The hard-won maturity of a great lyricist is a risky starting-point for lesser men. I am sorry to have appeared ungenerous to artists whose achievements I respect, even if I find their appreciation of Cézanne shallow."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MODERN FOLK SONGS

SIR,—Mr. Turner's article should attract the attention of the Folk Song Society at Cecil Sharp House, if it is alert. And one who was associated with the early days of that Society would like to assist Mrs. Cole ; but she should realise her problems.

What is a Folk Song ? Are the following Folk Songs ? If not, for what reasons ? We don't want to fight, but by jingo !— : The Tolpuddle Martyrs (Van Diemen's Land) : The Rich Man Drives On : The Carillon of Dunkerque : O my ! I don't want to die : The Volga Boat Song : John Brown's Body : The Horst Wessel Lied : Join the C.I.O.

It is difficult, particularly in political " folk songs," to discriminate between the bank notes and the petty cash.

Hampstead. DRIFFIELD HAWKIN

AERIAL MINES

SIR,—Major Muir has, I believe, missed the main point. The main point is not whether his aerial mine is effective, but *how* its efficacy is to be decided.

Has he forgotten the war against the introduction of the tanks and the convoy system, waged with greater determination than that against the Germans ? The issue is the same as that raised by deep shelters. Agitation for their adoption and the exposition of their merits are not enough. Chamberlain and Co. can always find *some* refuge behind their advisers and behind the claim that they have access to better and wider advice than their critics.

The right move which has, I believe, been staring us in the face, is in full accord with English tradition. I mean the independent and Public Inquiry.

The democratic movement through its many organisations should jointly approach the Royal Society publicly to collect the evidence for and against deep shelters, publicly to examine and cross-examine witnesses (Ministers and their advisers included), publicly to formulate any experiments necessary, publicly to state the results, publicly to formulate their inferences from these results and publicly to make their recommendations. In other words, we need to start on the creation of a Scientific Judiciary. We must awake to the fact that our interests can be more deeply affected by having public and independent trial of scientific issues than of many legal ones.

If the Trade Unions, the Labour Party, the Churches, the Municipalities and so on will not officially approach the Royal Society, let us bye-pass them. Let a deputation of distinguished individuals be formed. It would hardly be possible even for this Government to stand out against the opinion of the scientific world. And it would be very healthy if Sir John Anderson and his septuagenarian advisers were to spend a few days in the witness chair. It would be the most popular show in town. The press would report it fully.

By agitating for public and independent inquiry into deep shelters we can take the initiative out of the hands of the Government.

GEOFFREY PYKE,
Hon. Secretary,
Voluntary Industrial Aid

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE services of Mr. G. L. Steer to truth, and to all men who care for fair-dealing and humanity have been very great. In *Caesar in Africa* he told us of the Italian methods of conquest in Abyssinia: the use of poison gas sprayed from low-flying aeroplanes to break the resistance of a primitive people, the systematic bombing and machine-gunning of Red Cross units in an attempt to kill neutral witnesses. In *The Tree of Gernika* he told the story of the blotting out of the Basques by German airmen and Italian and Moorish troops. Without Mr. Steer, Englishmen would have known less about these abominations and would be less on their guard than they are to-day. His latest book, *Judgment on German Africa* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12*s*. 6*d*.), is not the history of a tragic drama. It concerns the future, and for that reason it is by far the most important book that Mr. Steer has written. It ought, I think, to be read by every thinking man and woman, and for English people it is the most necessary warning of a little suspected danger. One might expect a book about the former German colonies in Africa to be dull. The reverse is the case, for Mr. Steer writes with extraordinary clearness and vividness. He knows Africa well, and this book is the fruit of a short visit to each of the former German colonies. Each is described in detail, first in regard to its strategical value in the event of a war between England and Germany, then its history and the condition of the Natives under German rule and its present state. Two things, according to Mr. Steer, have completely altered the strategical importance of the former German colonies since 1914. The first is the Italian conquest of Abyssinia which gives Italy aerial command of the Red Sea and closes the Suez Canal to British ships bringing supplies from India, Malaya and Australasia. The Italian Air Force and Army in Abyssinia is far larger than anything we can oppose to them in the Sudan. It would be possible for the Italians to capture Khartoum and to conquer Egypt from the south. The second change which entirely alters the strategical value of the German colonies is that Germany has now aerial supremacy, and that Air Forces can be sent out completely equipped, ready to operate within a few days of their arrival. When we consider handing over the former German colonies to Hitler we must take into account the certainty of their being made into very powerful air bases immediately. Extreme advocates of the cession of the former German colonies may object that it is not necessary to consider the strategical results, since their return would be the price of his friendship, and in any case the alternative is likely to be the bombing of London. Mr. Steer points out that not even Hitler would bomb London and attack France for the sake of the colonies: one week's attack would cost him more than they could ever conceivably yield.

> He will only bomb London *to bust London*. In that case he will bomb London whether he is given colonies or not. To give him colonies, in order to prevent him bombing London, would simply yield him the power to starve London when he came to bomb her.

The argument is this. Since during a war with the Axis the Red Sea and Suez Canal will close the Mediterranean to convoys from India, Malaya and Australasia, we shall have to fall back on the old Cape route for shipping essential supplies and, one may add, for transporting troops. But if South-West Africa were in German hands and the base of a powerful fleet of long-range bombers, our ships could not use that route and would have to come either via the Panama Canal, or by some tremendous detour through the South Atlantic, perhaps via Tristan da Cunha! The same applies with equal force to handing back the Cameroons to Hitler. Moreover the Union of South Africa, finding itself threatened by a neighbour with overwhelming aerial superiority, would probably be intimidated into neutrality. The strategic results of handing over the Cameroons would be that British trade with West Africa would be brought to a standstill during war and that the only perfectly safe aerial route to the Sudan, via French Equatorial Africa, would be impossible. We may have to reinforce the Sudan by this route. If Tanganyika were a German air base it would be impossible to reinforce Kenya from South Africa. Kenya would be attacked on both sides.

> While Germany still has overwhelming air supremacy, to yield an inch of African soil to her is insanity.

This is indeed putting the matter mildly, as, even supposing we had supremacy in the air, we might not have it locally, and the destruction of Germany's air forces in Africa might be as expensive a business as the destruction of her commerce destroyers during the Great War. And in Tanganyika von Lettow-Vorbeck held out until the Armistice.

* * *

Mr. Steer has studied the administration of these former German colonies and is very greatly impressed by the benefits which accrue to the Natives under the mandate system under the League of Nations. In South-West Africa the Union Government treats the Natives better than it does in its own areas. The Germans had almost exterminated the Hereros and had reduced all the Natives to the condition of serfs before the war. The publicity of the League system ensures to-day that any ill-treatment or injustice to the Natives is brought to light. It is significant that the German colonial propagandist Von Rohrbach makes *negrophily* one of his chief charges against the British and that the Rhenish Mission reported in 1937 that its chief difficulty in South-West Africa was due to

> the awakened national feeling of the Herero, who believes that he must return to the ideas, beliefs, and customs of his forefathers in order to be a real Herero.

Why not? asks Mr. Steer. Ovamboland in the north of South-West is described in some detail and must be one of the best administered Native territories in the world. Mr. Steer pays a great tribute to Cameron's work in Tanganyika and gives a most instructive contrast between the British and French administrations of their respective shares of the Cameroons. The British have allowed the Native great freedom, have scarcely bothered about public works, and have done all they could to increase Native trade and wealth. The French, using forced labour for public works, in face of continual opposition in the League, have built marvellous roads, and their medical service, directed by a genius, has practically wiped out sleeping-sickness and is the best in Africa. Indeed it sounds as though it can only be compared with that of the Canal Zone during the construction of the Panama Canal. Several considerations not dealt with by Mr. Steer will occur to the reader. One is why are Nazi activities tolerated in these areas? General Smuts, mindful of the days when he had been in the position of the defeated Germans, treated them with exemplary consideration. He invited German colonists to stay; negotiated with the Government of the German Republic, which renounced South-West Africa and advised Germans there to adopt South African citizenship. Since the Nazis have been in power all colonists of German descent have been forced into Nazi organisations which pursue treasonable activities against the Union Government. There are only ten thousand of these Germans, and it is worth considering whether they should not be shipped back to Germany. There are plenty of Czechs and Jews who could be compensated for having been stripped of their possessions by the farms of these people. It is also worth asking why unrestricted trade between these mandated territories should be allowed with countries which have left the League. One question which Mr. Steer has left out altogether is the danger of Germany raising troops on the Eritrean model. In conclusion Mr. Steer shows that he is not opposed to the return of these colonies if Germany undergoes a complete change of heart.

> Hitler will not make such an agreement, you say. Then let him whistle for his colonies. He will die one day, and one day the German people will tire of greasing guns with butter.

The real pity is not that we can't risk giving back the colonies, but that the mandatory system has not been extended to all our African possessions.

DAVID GARNETT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1939

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GOD'S GARGOYLES

COME, take my arm, Chris Smart, and we'll depart
On a visit after your own heart.
Here in stained windows all things praise
God giver of ways and days.
Here animal, insect, bird
Unite to magnify the Word
Divine. The elephants parade,
The spotted deer walks unafraid
Of tiger staring into night,
The lion, the eagle and the kite
Rule each his cage of wire and see
The lesser breeds in amity.
The blushing fox eludes his stink
On legs that delicately slink ;
The parrots curse, the monkeys run
Over a rockery in the sun.
The darting mongoose leaves his bed,
The lovely cirrus overhead
Delves deep in the mesmeric lake
Where demoiselle crane and drake
Stir ringlets ; on the high trapeze
Concolor gibbons take their ease.
Anteater sniffs opossum ;
The mandrill airs his bum,
Affrights the visitor. The Diana monkey,
Pretty and bowlegged as a flunkey,
With Confucius' face,
Beard and tufts of yellowy lace,
Stoops to drink or turn a somersault.
While marmosets and capuchins vault,
The lion dreams in his own likeness, and
Cowering on scorched sand
The peahen tries
To forget a thousand eyes.
Sex opens avenues, in Eden barred,
To the bear, the emu and the leopard.
No apple-tree of life
Tempts to centuries of strife,
Among the tortoises no fable
Tells of Cain killing Abel,
And the Esau of the apes
Valiantly escapes
With meat and inheritance, too.
Then, on a visit to the Zoo,
Besides God, the thing is you.
What woe is in this camel's scars.
The ape behind bars
Answers an ape within.
When the parrot speaks
It is a little of yourself that leaks.
Peacocks enjoy in innocence
The vanity that blunts our sense.
You may tickle squirrels' necks
Without encouraging their sex,
You may feel your passion go
Out to the panther, black and slow ;
He doesn't know it,
Or that you, a poet,
Are racked by his image forever after.
The bat clings to the rafter
Blind to your curiosities,
The baboon nimbly tries
In public, unashamed,
Vices best not named,
And looks you in the eye. You only stare
At Nature following nature everywhere.
And you, Chris Smart, poor Bedlamite,
Were there beasts tempting to the sight
Among your fellow-sufferers,
Did your verse
Find out an innocence in those
Who escaped sin and guilt in throes
Of mental illness ? Or was all black,
All lost, all darkened, all thrust back ?
Here is the scene. I set up an easel in the mind,
Brushes, canvas are to hand,
And while I wait the memory stirs
Beyond big beasts to lesser furs :
Jerboa, jumping mouse of the desert,
Mud-skipper, moon-fish, wart-
hog self-transfixed, the seahorse lonely
A chessman undersea,
The false water-boatman furiously
Paddling along a pool,
The sad, the cruel
Lives of snakes,
Eremites of the desert, for whose sakes
Vermin go on pilgrimages
To worship, to be devoured by stages :
All in a vision kept
By the brain catalept
Of the fury of the earth's plenty,
Of creation's mastery,
A cathedral born and built
Of divine innocence and human guilt.

G. W. STONIER

DOUBTFUL SUBJECT

Irish Life in the Seventeenth Century : After Cromwell. By EDWARD MACLYSAGHT, M.A. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Sword of Light. By DESMOND RYAN. *Arthur Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Irish Cavalcade. By M. J. MACMANUS. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The past of Ireland is an uneasy subject : controversial, bloody and bitter, with no trappings, few uninterruptedly pleasant prospects down which the eye can run. To the English mind, that past is not even stirring—it is too full of defeats. The tragedy is too plain to permit analysis—and it is for analysis, inference or the picturesque that history is read now, as an exercise or another kind of escape. Peace-lovers seek the past because it is safely over—and nothing in Ireland is ever over. England's past is at present one of her chief assets ; it must have only one adjective—" glorious." And England's past in Ireland has not been glorious : its residue is a sort of embarrassment. When the Englishman looks at Ireland, something happens which is quite unbearable—the bottom drops out of his sense of right and wrong. That *méfiance* holds good in a generation : few Englishmen who served in His Majesty's Army in Ireland in those years that just preceded the Treaty care to be reminded of that country again.

So, ignorance of Irish history, in the English and most of the Anglo-Irish, has not been seen as a blot on culture—till now. The traveller finds few monuments. Till lately, a mist covered the centuries : sieges, risings, massacres, famines, forlorn hopes had been heard of ; inevitably, Ireland appeared only in English popular history where the fates of the two countries most

momentously touched. Her entity as a country, her continuous, underlying existence, her conditions were very little known of—except when conditions, through some access of misery, forced themselves on the English popular eye. Her native—as opposed to the Anglo-Irish—culture was, before the height of the Gaelic movement, ignored. In fact, Ireland was not objectified.

Lately, however, this ignorance—one might say this wish for ignorance—has begun to dissipate. What was at the most a sporadic sentimental interest in Ireland has given place to a demand for exact knowledge. This is to hand: Irish scholarship has never needed an outside impetus; for years it has been thorough and self-rewarding; to-day, simply, it meets with a wider recognition. Also, the output of semi-popular, but informed and temperate books on Irish subjects is on the increase. Ireland appears on the European map.

Here are three books which, in very different manners, uncover tracts of the past, or the Irish scene. On *Irish Life in the Seventeenth Century* Mr. MacLysaght has done useful, thorough and extended research. This particular period in Ireland has been little touched by the social historian. Ireland just after Cromwell, with that influx of violently imposed settlers—the effects on her civilisation, the confluence of temperaments, the unwilling adjustments, the repercussions of constitutional and temperamental changes in England—is a fruitful subject for study. Mr. MacLysaght has not aimed at a facile "picture"; he has given no emotional colour. He has, much more usefully, weighed and collated facts, then left the reader's judgment and imagination to work. He has drawn largely on letters and manuscripts—accounts by settlers, travellers and officials. One of his merits is, he examines every authority, allows, in any account he quotes from, for the writer's predispositions or temperament, and is as careful to warn against the hasty deduction as he is to avoid the hasty deduction himself. Especially where the matter is controversial (as in the chapter on the subject of "Morals") he does not neglect to balance opposing views. At times this impartiality is carried almost too far: it becomes hard for the reader to draw any final inference—even so, one must commend his fullness and honesty.

As a result of this serious, dogged work a clear picture of seventeenth-century Ireland does come to form in the mind. The opening chapter on "Characteristics and Traits" is general, but not blurred by generalisations. In "The Gentry and their Dependants" appears the inevitable contrast between the unwelcome, enforced new upper class and their predecessors. There is an interesting note on the strong ties formed by the foster system. The absorption—in some happier cases—of the newcomers into the native background, the weathering-down of their foreign traits, is well shown; the idea that Ireland is predisposed to feudality is examined. Sports and recreations, within the period, life in Dublin and city life in general, "The Clergy and the People," amenities, culture, communications make the stuff of succeeding chapters. The writing, admirably concrete, is enlivened, though not overloaded, with anecdotes and quotations. Both for the initial interest of its method and subject and for its promising value as a book of reference, this solid, sufficiently graphic study of seventeenth-century Ireland should be recommended very highly indeed.

Mr. Desmond Ryan's *The Sword of Light* treats a heroic subject—the survival of Gaelic in Ireland—in a heroic manner. Mr. Ryan's rather too highly dramatised style should not be allowed to detract from the seriousness of his argument. Sub-titled *From the Four Masters to Douglas Hyde*, the book begins with the early seventeenth century, with the four Annalists of Donegal Bay and their contemporary, the less exact Dr. Keating. Then there is blind O'Calloran, the last of the Irish bards, who sang from house to house in the eighteenth century, a chapter on the Ossian controversy, and a picture of Miss Charlotte Brooke in Co. Cavan—her ardour, her limitations, the impetus that she gave. The Gaelic Society of 1808, the discouragement (stressed by Mr. Ryan) that the Gaelic enthusiasts received from O'Connell, and the attempted use of Gaelic for Protestant propaganda in the early nineteenth century are the subjects of the middle part of the book. Philip Barron's magnificent and abortive effort for Gaelic, sixty years too soon, the brief life of his college on the Waterford coast, makes one of the finest chapters. Mangan the poet, John O'Donovan "the Fifth Master" are drawn with feeling—both as persons and forces—and the Gaelic League, Dr. Hyde and the present-day "victory" for the Irish language bring the book to its close as the history of a culture (and something deeper than a culture) that was threatened, ignored, persecuted, belittled but not lost. Sources of the antagonism to Gaelic have been by turns political, snobbish, religious. Mr. Ryan, with good will and a degree of fairness, examines them all. His work is creditable; it may also be popular.

Irish Cavalcade is a compilation of cuttings, over three centuries. Mr. MacManus's arrangement of these is effective: he interleaves the striking, the sprightly, the grim. The aim of this *Cavalcade* (I take it) is at once to entertain and present, by its order and by its very omissions, a suggestive whole. Access to private papers, and his own collection of books, pamphlets and broadsheets, made over twenty years, provide the compiler with varied material: there are some implicit and excellent ironies. We close with a contented letter of Queen Victoria's, written from Ireland towards the end of the Famine. *Irish Cavalcade* provides some capital illustrations, or footnotes, to less lively books on Ireland within the period.

Elizabeth Bowen

THE JEWS WE DESERVE

The Jews, Are They Human? By Wyndham Lewis. *Allen and Unwin.* 3s. 6d.

The answer to the question of the title is Yes. The book is a straightforward plea that anti-semitism is unreasonable, and that since the Jews are human, they should be treated as human beings. This is not a learned book, or the book of an expert on the Jewish problem. It is simply the statement of an intelligent mind brought to bear on an important problem, and expressing a common-sense point of view with vigour and clarity. In England, we are used to professional politicians and sociologists writing books on public questions. But, as the crop of books by writers like Montherlant and Romains, written after Munich, shows, the French have a tradition by which members of the intelligentsia boldly express their opinions about public matters, without displaying any specialised knowledge of them. In a democracy, there is quite a lot to be said for the intelligentsia taking the lead in putting forward a case on such evidence as is available to the man in the street. Although the Jewish question, for example, is a vastly complicated one, with a huge historic background, no amount of research into history or quoting of statistics can make a reasonable case for anti-Semitism. One result of subjects such as the Jewish question only being discussed by people who have expert knowledge, may be that people feel that unless they have this knowledge they are not entitled to form an opinion. Or, if they are impressed by the learned arguments of some defender of the Jewish race, then they feel that perhaps there are resources of learning on the other side which might equally impress them. Wyndham Lewis's book is important because it is a strong plea that everyone, with the amount of knowledge at his disposal, ought to be able to take a clear line on the Jewish question.

Mr. Lewis's case is that anti-Semitism is unintelligent—in fact, he elaborates the thesis that people get the Jews they deserve. "My appeal will be almost exclusively to your intelligence: but it is extremely unintelligent, it is well to remember, not to be humane." His book is often very amusing, as one would expect, and is written in his buccaneering style, the secret of which is the way in which he dramatises the reader as a well-meaning member of a lunatic public, one who has to be handled very gingerly indeed. Here is some advice on how to deal with Jews:

> Here is the correct technique, if you are really awfully bad at handling foreigners. The extremely Jewish Jews, you have to say to yourself, have a number of habits—of which they are inordinately proud—which they will lose in a short while, in all likelihood, as a result of observing our vastly superior way of deporting ourselves. If you don't pretend to notice, one day the extremely orthodox Jew, even, will arrive at the dinner-table bareheaded. But if you begin nagging him about it the first time you see him, he will get obstinate (for they are an unusually obstinate race—one reason why they get into such hot water). And eventually he may begin wearing *two* hats instead of one. I have seen Jews in Poland wearing two hats instead of one. It must have been out of sheer cussedness and was probably the fault of the Poles. In fact, the more I think of it, the more sure I am it was the fault of the Poles.

After his discussion of Jewish Finance, the Jewish Intellectuals, the Jewish poor, etc., in all of which he acquits the Jews of the charge of being any worse than anyone else, Mr. Lewis hints that perhaps their incursions into politics have not always been tactful. This would seem to be a point of view that M. Leon Blum shares when he is reported to have said that it would be tactless for a Jew to-day to be a member of the French Cabinet. If the situation of world Jewry is to-day in many ways as bad as it has been in the worst periods of persecution, there are

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perhaps one or two consolations. The first is that the countries on whom the unwanted Jews are being forced have the opportunity to treat the Jews better than they have been treated before. The second is that the Jews, who are a self-conscious, closely knit community, and who are now being thrown on to each other's mercy as never before, have a chance to survey their position and purge themselves of undesirable and unpopular elements.

In his last chapter, Mr. Lewis proposes that the word "Jew" should be dropped, and that the Jews should become less conscious of their own nationalism. Perhaps the Jews might reply that they could do this more easily if they were not treated as foreigners by the various nationalities which they have joined. The English have been more successful than any other country in dealing with the Jews, because in England the Jews are treated as English, and so they become English. Once the Jew is regarded as a foreigner in our midst, the question arises of why he is there, and the whole business of depriving him of his rights as a citizen begins. The Jews who have been expelled from Germany are not merely Jews, they are German citizens who have been driven out of the Fatherland. Mr. Lewis tends to accept too willingly the axiom that the Jews are foreigners. Nevertheless, his frank and lively and intelligent book is an extremely sensible discussion of an important problem, and I hope that it will be widely read.

Stephen Spender

"G-MAN'S" TEXTBOOK

Modern Criminal Investigation. By Harry Söderman and John J. O'Connell. *Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Most books which set out to erect a system upon a statistical basis remind one of the nonagenarian who took fresh heart on reading that only one death in 100,000 was that of a person over ninety. Since police procedure emerged from the rough-and-ready empiricism of the nineteenth century it has acquired an extensive and fast-growing literature which is especially open to this jibe, notwithstanding the learning and research which its less specious conclusions have cost. This book resembles its predecessors in carrying the implications of statistical records far beyond the point at which they cease to have practical value—"another class of youths committing flat burglaries in the daytime are those living in cheap furnished-room houses. They range between the ages of 17 and 23." It classifies offenders either in arbitrary age-groups related, apparently, to the age-divisions fixed by the American penal system, or behaviour-groups as on page 28 ("epileptics are inveterate liars") or by a combination of both—"window-smashers are usually young men of daring or men addicted to the use of narcotic drugs." Because the book is American it contains, for the English police officer, some sinister euphemisms—"the interrogation" (of a suspect) "should be made in such a manner that the road to admission (confession) is made easier for the suspect"; and it advises a course of conduct which English standards forbid, as where on page 47, suggesting that a wanted person may be afflicted with some disease which will identify him, it recommends a visit to his family physician.

To consider the work, however, as a textbook of criminal investigation (each chapter concludes, in true textbook style, with a sort of catechism) is to realise its great value to those who may be trusted to know the worth of statistical conclusions and for whom it is clearly intended—the police. The chapters on finger-print identifications, photography, footprints, ballistics, and questioned documents are altogether excellent. There is an invaluable account of the "*modus operandi* of common larcenies," describing almost every method of confidence-trick swindling and sneak-thieving known to the police of the world—a strange omission is that of the obliging stranger who induces you to take off your jacket while he removes from it some dirty marks and your pocket-book; there is the fruit of much experience in a chapter on the equipment of a police laboratory; and there is an exhaustive bibliography and a good index. C. R. H.

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Les Chemins de la Mer. By François Mauriac. *Grasset.* 21 fr.

A distinguished critic once remarked to me that a novel, to be successful, must contain "some hint of desirable life." By this he intended a criticism of the school of novelists which aims at showing the world as exclusively run by the viler emotions of man and which denies that disinterested goodness exists—or at all events ever gets an effective innings. This axiom seems to me wholly justified and very important, for it provides the reason why *L'Education Sentimentale* is obviously a more satisfactory picture of life than *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, *Les Misérables* than Léon Bloy's *La Femme Pauvre*, and a contemporary novel like *Testament* than *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit*. It explains the neglect of so brilliant a piece of work as Douglas' *House with the Green Shutters* and indicates why, among other reasons, most of us prefer Dickens to George Gissing.

Apart from the implied insult and its obvious reaction, misanthropy has always seemed a poor programme to those who have had any pretension to see life whole. Yet in some cases—Swift is the supreme example—pure horror of human beings does seem to be able to propel the engine unassisted. The latest recruit to the school of Disgust is M. Jean-Paul Sartre. Coming so close on the heels of Céline, it might well seem that he could have but little to add to that author's indictment; yet *La Nausée*, a novel published last year, was a near-masterpiece. Its humour was Swiftian, its characters were memorable and thorough, and a lyrical pity provided the necessary "hint of desirable life." The effect on the whole was not realistic: so deep a hatred of the body and its functions issues in a kind of inverted fantasy (compare the night-scene in *Ulysses*), which manipulates the true effects of art. *Le Mur*, and its attendant stories, seem to show an exchange of poetic horror for the resigned cynicism of the later Flaubert. This change is not, I think, for the better. True, the ribald humour is unimpaired: the brutal candour with which a typical bourgeois adolescence is described, in *L'Enfance d'un Chef*, will amuse some as much as it will shock others. But the squalor of *Erostrate* and *Intimité* is so emphatic as to reduce those stories

H. G. WELLS

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to the level of curiosities, and it can scarcely be a chance that by far the best story in the volume, *La Chambre*, is a study in madness—pathetic, highly original, and touched with poetry. *Le Mur* itself, an anecdote of the Spanish war, is quite well done, as these things go, but is not particularly memorable. In spite of *La Chambre*, I have yet to be convinced that M. Sartre is not a one-book man.

Mr. Troyat evidently shares M. Sartre's disgust of the body, but he stands much farther outside his subject and his perspective is that of a realist. *L'Araigne* (which won the Prix Goncourt last year) is a horrifying, but most competent and thrilling, novel. It is the story of a young man of arrested emotional development, whose sense of security is bound up with the continued presence of his mother and his three sisters. Of course the latter fall in love and leave home, one after another; it is Gérard Fonsèque's frenzied and ruthless attempts to keep them round him that provide the material of the book. And here my point about misanthropy receives vivid illustration, for Gérard himself (*not* M. Troyat) is the misanthrope *par excellence*, afflicted with extreme self-pity and conceit and that intolerable low-mindedness which is for ever imputing false motives and ridiculing the happiness of others. Thus when one of his sisters, away on her honeymoon, sends the family an ecstatic postcard, her brother remarks: "*Elle aurait vraiment pu nous envoyer sa prose sous enveloppe.*" "*Sa prose*" is a masterly touch: the sneering word at once sprinkles sand all over the innocent flame. The sense of evil disengaged by the appalling Gérard reminds one that M. Mauriac's influence may here have counted for something. Yet M. Troyat is scrupulously fair: we are made to feel sorry for the unhappy, hideous, sickly, revengeful creature, with his hateful burden of self. The inevitable end is most skilfully contrived. Gérard dies of an overdose of soporific, administered, when all else has failed, merely to give his family a fright; but his miserable body cannot stand the dose and he dies, as he lived, in terror and resentment. The action of this admirable novel takes place in Paris, but the stifling effect of the Fonsèque interior is so cleverly rendered that one feels hemmed in by the narrow walls of some small provincial town.

With *Choix des Elues* and *Le Jardin de Cordoue*, the authors invite us up a very different path, bordered, this time, not by Hellebore but by the bluest of Delphiniums. Neither book shows its author at anything like his best and both exhibit the characteristic faults of fantasy—sentimentality, aestheticism, and niggling ornament. Within the measure of the possible, M. Giraudoux is the French equivalent of J. M. Barrie, and it is significant that he should have translated the play of *The Constant Nymph* into French. *Choix des Elues*, which is a novel about marriage, set in a legendary America, begins with the heroine tucking her children *and* her husband up in bed and giving each a *cornichon* to eat—a scene which yields nothing to Barrie in embarrassing archness. Edmée's meditations exhibit the Pathetic Fallacy in its dowdiest forms, and altogether one gets the impression that the author imagined he was writing an "English" novel. But such themes are better left in the delicate hands of M. Jacques Chardonne. M. Giraudoux gives himself much too easy a time of it: there is far too little dialogue, the endless garrulity results in page after page about nothing at all; a mere tesselation of images conceals the absence of ideas. That is the danger of the "poetical" novel: to be successful, its structure must be as closely knit as the metre of a poem. *Choix des Elues* is all over the place.

So, in another way, is *Le Jardin de Cordoue*. Usually I yield to none in admiration of its author, who is one of the most original spirits of our time, uniting as he does a subtle Catholic mysticism with a piercing eye for everyday things. This combination in one writer is very unusual and has produced some most strange and fascinating books. M. Jouhandeau is a prolific writer, but I must confess to preferring him in either of his two chief manners rather than in that responsible for the present novel. The series which leads from *M. Godeau Intime*, through *M. Godeau Marié* and *Véronicana*, to the Strindbergian *Chroniques Maritales*, is probably the most "important," since in it the author has given us the essence of his esoteric vision of Man and his relation to God; yet many will prefer the less rarefied air of *Chaminadour*, *Tite-de-Long*, and many of the short stories, which are masterpieces of sardonic humour. In *Le Jardin de Cordoue*, on the other hand, M. Jouhandeau exploits a vein already used in *Astaroth*, *L'Amateur d'Imprudence*, and the early novel, *Opales*, to which this is a sequel. The affectation of these books is to me very painful. A spate of words ill conceals the poverty of the emotions involved; the atomisation of a single personality is a poor substitute for the creation of character; and the gyrations round one another of M. Godeau and a D'Annunzio duchess fail to persuade one that anything is happening at all. The whole thing seems a mere slop-over from the 'nineties, unworthy of so original a writer.

With *La Conspiration* and *Les Chemins de la Mer* we are once again in the realm of "straight" fiction. The first is the work of a youngish man and belongs to the Left. It is a novel of adolescence and describes the semi-political activities of a rich young Jew, Bernard Rosenthal, and his friends. But the real interest of this brilliantly intelligent book lies less in its topicality than in its illustration of a too little realised truth, namely, that toughness is deceptive and can let its devotees down when they least expect it. Bernard's sister-in-law, Catherine, yields to his passion on the sly; but when he, in his youthful way, insists on making a scandal in order to have her to himself for good, she rounds harshly on him and tells him to go. Bourgeois society closes its ranks and Bernard, who has plotted against it with his friends of "the Conspiracy," is left to face a kind of reality he had not bargained for. His suicide is a very different affair from that of M. Troyat's detestable hero; Bernard really wishes to die and makes no mistake about it. Personal tragedy shows the political game to have been—a game. This is only one facet of a remarkably rich piece of work, which makes a book like *Choix des Elues* look very meagre and namby-pamby by comparison.

Les Chemins de la Mer seems to me M. Mauriac's best novel to date. That is saying a lot, for this novelist is at once closer to and higher above his characters than any of the above-mentioned writers: closer by dint of profound sympathy with any kind of suffering, higher above them by virtue of the detachment conferred by religious faith. His vision is less "special" than M. Jouhandeau's, more human in its power of rendering the sense of evil. Very different from a mere hatred of the body, this sense is in essence a belief in the wandering energy that develops round an emotional tension. Evil is not seen as inevitable—until the last moment; and it can always be rendered nugatory by the strength of innocence. *Les Chemins de la Mer* is a study of what happens when one of two rich provincial families, which are bound together by old friendship and an imminent tie of marriage, is totally upset by the sudden financial failure of its head. None of the

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characters is bad, but the lurking evil seizes them in their extremity and they proceed to betray each other all round. As in *La Conspiration*, it is the threat of a crack in the social fabric that drives Oscar Révolou to death, exposes his bewildered wife to the ruthlessness of her opposite number, Mme. Costadot, and works havoc among the young people. For these latter, M. Mauriac has a better solution than suicide; indeed, it does not occur to them—not because their creator is a fervent Catholic, but because they accept the worst in life, which they already know, for the sake of the understanding it has brought them. Betrayal only strengthens Pierre Costadot and Rose Révolou, and their future is suggested in the wonderfully eloquent passage which gives its title to the book. It is the betrayers, such as Robert Costadot, who remain for ever on the fringe of their true selves.

M. Mauriac is so fine a novelist, not only because of his superb technique, (because he can create character and tell a story so that one can hardly bear to put it down for a minute), but because his values are the right ones. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

A FORGOTTEN CELEBRITY

Sir Thomas Wyse, 1791-1862. By JAMES JOHNSTON AUCHMUTY. *King*. 15*s*.

This is the first biography of a singularly interesting figure. Wyse belonged to a very old Irish family for he was descended from Sir Andrew Wyse, who crossed to Ireland in the twelfth century with the second Earl of Pembroke, commonly known as Strongbow, and was rewarded with large grants of land in the county of Waterford. Thomas Wyse was lucky in the time of his birth. For in 1794 the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst was transferred from Bruges to Lancashire in consequence of the French Revolution and in 1793 Trinity College, Dublin, opened its doors to Catholics. Wyse was one of a group of Catholics (Sheil was another) who took advantage of these facilities, and he distinguished himself both at school and college. After travelling abroad, where he pursued for two years his scholarly and aesthetic interests, he took to Irish politics. He threw himself into the agitation for Catholic Emancipation and entered the House of Commons in 1830. He made his mark in Parliament, became a Lord of the Treasury in 1839 and from 1846 to 1849 he was Secretary to the Board of Control. In 1849 he was sent as Minister to Athens and in that capacity he was actively concerned in the Don Pacifico affair.

Wyse was a man who thought for himself and he was often ahead of his age. Few men did as much for education, both in England and Ireland. As a scholar and a man of culture (Canova and Thorwaldsen had been among his friends) he revolted against the Philistine indifference to the arts that marked the early Victorian age and he was always speaking or serving on committees or trying in other ways to bring taste and grace into the bleak life of the time. He was almost the first to demand an Education Department in England. His independence on Irish questions was resented by some of his compatriots, including his brother, for he refused to bind himself to O'Connell as rigidly as good party men desired. He had his own remedies for Irish needs. He wanted to set up subordinate Parliaments for England, Ireland and Scotland with an Imperial Parliament in London for the control of their common interests; to put an end to the abuses and injustices of the Established Church (Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, grandfather of a famous English bishop, gave his son several livings to be held at the same time and he extorted tithe to the amount of £2,300 yearly from the destitute Catholic peasants), to develop local government, to establish a Board of Works and to provide universal education. For this programme he received at one time support from Smith O'Brien and Young Ireland. His most striking success was his liberal influence on the Catholic Association. It is difficult to imagine such a body to-day carrying the propositions adopted in 1826 by the bishops and others who were agitating for emancipation:

(1) The State should have no established religion. It should preserve its neutrality between them all.

(2) Salvation is possible in all religions, provided you believe honestly and sincerely the religion you believe to be best.

(3) To attempt seizing on public education, with a view to converting it into a monopoly, or any particular class or sect, is to disturb in a direct manner the order of society.

(4) The spirit of proselytism is deserving of censure. Each creed or sect ought to remain quiet within its respective limits.

(5) To keep the clergy virtuous it is requisite to keep them poor. Make them rich and you corrupt them.

The change from Murray to Cullen, in the Archbishopric of Dublin, in 1852, had a great influence on Irish politics in the later nineteenth century.

Dr. Auchmuty gives a most interesting and detailed account of the row in 1849 with Greece over the claims of Findlay, the great historian, to compensation for the loss of his garden and of Don Pacifico, a Portuguese Jew and a naturalised British subject, for the damage done to his house in a riot. The Greek Government was very remiss, but Palmerston and Wyse took what was generally regarded as a high-handed line. Ultimately the claims were settled by arbitration and Don Pacifico (who was suspected of forgery) received 3,750 drachmas instead of the 886,736 that he had called on the British Government to demand for him. This and other incidents live in history because they were the cause of a memorable debate in the House of Commons. Palmerston made the best speech of his life, speaking, as Gladstone said, from the dusk of one day to the dawn of the next. His greatest triumph was his use of "*Civis Romanus sum.*" He was answered by Gladstone who began his speech about half-past two in the morning. Gladstone seized on this phrase: "He vaunted, amidst the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be throughout the world what the citizens of Rome had been. What then, Sir, was a Roman citizen? He was the member of a privileged class; he belonged to a conquering race, to a nation that held all others bound down by the strong hand of power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be asserted and by him rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world. Is such, then, the view of the noble Lord as to the relation which is to subsist between England and other countries?" The debate was memorable for another reason. Peel made an impressive speech against Palmerston, and it was his last. Next day he was thrown from his horse and killed. Dr. Auchmuty's account of the episode is an important contribution to the subject.

Wyse thus had a most interesting public career. But his private life was also out of the common. He married Letitia, the daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, the most unruly of Napoleon's brothers. The girl was sixteen when they married. Wyse was a solemn, pedantic kind of man, with no light side to him, and the marriage soon went wrong. His wife wanted a good deal more amusement

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than he could provide for her. He tried to repress her and at one time got the Pope to lock her up in a convent. After seven years of it she ran away. He gave her £200 a year (he was a poor man) and hoped never to see or hear of her again. As far as seeing was concerned, all was well, though once or twice he found himself in the same town and was uncomfortable in consequence. Unhappily he heard a good deal about her. She had given him two sons and after leaving him she gave somebody else three daughters. To Wyse's intense annoyance they insisted on taking his name. What made it worse was that they made distinguished marriages and Wyse found himself father-in-law against his will, to such notable persons as Rattazi, four times Prime Minister of Italy and General Turr, the famous Hungarian soldier who was one of Garibaldi's best generals. Wyse wanted redress, at the cost even of dignity. He sent notices to the papers and would have liked to proceed in the French Courts. This upset Louis Napoleon and the British Ambassadors in Paris had to exert themselves to persuade Wyse not to take a step that would be embarrassing to the Emperor. Wyse consented softened perhaps by Napoleon's generosity in paying the debts of Madame Letitia. "To me," he said to Wyse, "my family have been my greatest stumbling block and far more difficult to govern than a whole nation."

Dr. Auchmuty has done a service in rescuing this very interesting career from oblivion and he has brought to his task great knowledge of his subject and judgment and fairness in describing Wyse's achievements and character. J. L. Hammond

GEORGE BORROW

The Gipsy Gentleman: A Study of George Borrow. By Seton Dearden. *Arthur Barker.* 12s. 6d.

"It is difficult," says Mr. Dearden in his preface, "to write a life of Borrow that is more than a mere rehearsal of quotations and anecdotes." He might have said impossible. Hardly anything can be done for the early years except to point out that *Lavengrô* and *The Romany Rye* are not evidence, and then reduce them to precis—with cautionary or corrective notes here and there. The later years are simple but rather dull. Borrow had no close friends, and, in fact, no interesting personal relations of any kind; there never was a less rewarding subject for biography, and the ground, though barren, has been turned over again and again. Ninety-nine per cent. of *The Gipsy Gentleman* is old stuff; was there any point in rewriting it?

Mr. Dearden naturally thinks so. He thinks he has found the "key" to the entire subject: that he provides "a complete psychological picture, in which, perhaps for the first time, Borrow's tortuous mental reactions seem to become clear."

It will surprise no one to be told that his key is "a physical anomaly"—a "major sexual aberration"—in other words, the fact that Borrow was "a eunuchoid type."

This suggestion has been made before. It needs no ghost nor psychoanalyst to point out that Borrow's works—we know so little of his life that we had better not talk about it—are marked by a peculiar absence of sexual feeling, and that, especially, there is something queer about his cold, teasing and pedantic attitude to Isopel Berners. To go on and assume a "physical anomaly" is just guesswork. It is the kind of guess that men delight to make about their fellows, dead or alive, and it is safe enough as a rule; the theorists will not often be refuted, as in the case of Charles XII, by an exhumation and an X-ray.

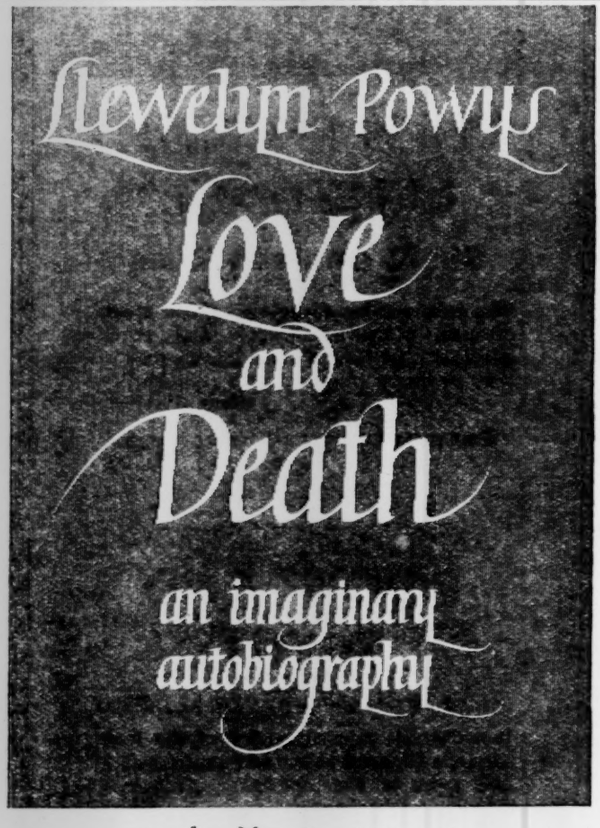
Mr. Dearden's arguments are no better than usual. He quotes what Dr. Jessop said of Borrow in 1900—"Of anything like animal passion there is not a trace in all his many volumes. . . . He was beardless; his voice was not the voice of a man. His outbursts of wrath never translated themselves into uncontrollable acts of violence; they showed themselves in all the rancorous hatred that could be put into words." This is allowed to pass without comment, though we have evidence that Borrow's shrill tones were a gipsy affectation, and that in moments of interest he would relapse into his natural voice, which was rich and deep. It seems hard, too, that anyone so prone to fisticuffs should be stigmatised as unmanly because he did not resort to them in the drawing-room. Mr. Dearden adds that Borrow hated women "unless they were simple, unintellectual creatures from whom he need fear nothing." I really don't see the force of that. If all men who dislike intellectual women are of "a eunuchoid type," it appears that sexual aberration must be widespread.

Still there is always the affair with Isopel Berners. I needn't say how Mr. Dearden interprets that, and it is certainly his trump card; on the other hand, Borrow had good common-sense reasons for keeping Isopel at arm's length, especially if, as he implies, she wanted to marry him. And as for trifling with the affections of the huge beauty—whom he represents, into the bargain, as fiercely chaste . . . Mérimée once declared that it was against his principles to have any dealings with *une femme capable de le battre*—"if you don't observe this rule," he told Panizzi, "*vous avez tort.*" The theory that Borrow was afraid his companion would knock him down is not much more frivolous than some which this biographer decks in the language of pseudo-science.

However, he does not claim our interest on the mere ground that his subject was abnormal; that, as he admits, had been said before. His pride is to have explained every detail of Borrow's life and character in terms of sexual deficiency and resultant psycho-neurosis. "Because of this fear, this haunting dread and sense of inferiority, the sub-conscious *motif* of Borrow's life becomes that of escape. . . . The gipsy and vagabond *motif*, the great bouts of wearying physical exercise, the posing, the assumption of other identities, the love of mystery, the escape into the languages and lives of other races, the irrational hatred of gentility and the Roman Catholic Church, all these may be traced back to that one primary fear. . . . He may be cited as a classic example of the hysteric in action."

Some will perhaps regard Mr. Dearden's hypothesis as a blinding light, and even approve his method of applying it. He says, for instance: "Like the true hysteric type, Borrow substituted his reactions; a major national calamity would leave him unmoved, a minor domestic incident would shake him to the very depths of passion." I'm afraid, in that case, hysteria is yet another very common complaint.

But to demand reasons for behaviour—especially reasons in the subconscious—one must be puzzled; and the more one thinks of Borrow, the less one can understand why his reactions should be described as "tortuous" or "complex." Surely a more transparent character never breathed. He was always giving himself away; he displayed his quite normal but rather childish feelings—his touchiness, his conceit, his craving to be a central and unique figure—with the unreserve of a three-year-old. His



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THE BODLEY HEAD

resentments were peculiarly uninhibited; when he was annoyed, he shook his fist or put out his tongue. For instance, on hearing that a canon of St. Paul's had ventured to criticise him—"Pray present my best respects to the Canon of St. Paul's and tell him from me that he is a *burro*, which meaneth Jackass, and that I wish he would mind his own business, which he might easily do by attending a little more to the accommodation of the public in his ugly Cathedral." When people did not admire his work, he raved of conspiracy; when they did, he put on hasty and ludicrous airs of nonchalance. "At present I am in great demand. A Bishop has just requested me to visit him. The worst of these Bishops is that they are all skinflints, saving for their families; their *cuisine* is bad and their Port-wine execrable, and as for their cigars—" This may be the "hysteric in action," but it sounds like the eternal schoolboy.

One can't wonder that he never managed to settle down; the wonder is that his lifelong and unsuccessful groping for a vocation should have produced anything of value. It was a fluke, for he had no judgment at all, and, as a previous biographer has observed, no initiative—someone always had to put him in the way of achievement. Left to himself, he might have pegged away for ever at his "romantic ballads." Few writers can have been guilty of such rubbish; they make one gasp, and the speed at which he was satisfied to turn them out is almost incredible. "To-day I translated 'The Duke's Daughter of Skage,' a noble ballad of 400 lines. . . . Thorlakson's Grave-ode is superlatively fine, and I translated it this morning, as I breakfasted." And so on. He was quite happy about them; he stuck to them for years, and they were his darlings till his last hour. But meanwhile he had been jerked on to the right road, and become a classic.

Even that led to disappointment. His style, his brilliant impertinence and amazing gift of dialogue were of no use without a subject, and the material he had to draw on, though very striking, was not so copious as it seemed. And he was unable to replace it. We hardly need to be warned against accepting his account of his early days—for, as a reviewer said at the time, "the whole tone of the narrative inspires a profound distrust"; what one should be warned against is the assumption that it is not true. If he had the power to make it up, he would have been a great imaginative writer and might have gone on indefinitely. But he was not cultivating a field; he was the owner of a small gold mine, and soon there was nothing left.

K. JOHN

PERCIPIENT MOLE

The Still Centre. Poems by STEPHEN SPENDER. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I say that English poetry is a poetry of adolescence. In no other phase of literature is love so important, and love of the poetic, "romantic" kind is, of course, essentially adolescent. To find what I should call adult poetry, indeed, poetry cleared of the adolescent-coloured imagination, one must go back to Chaucer. The perfect clarity of:

> A nightingale upon the cedrë grene,
> Under the chambrë wall thereas she lay,
> Ful loudë song ayein the mone shene,
> Paraunter, in his briddes wise, a lay
> Of love which that made his herte gay;
> Him herkened she so long in good entente,
> That at the last the dede slep her.

Now that in its crystal purity seems to me adult as much of Shakespeare is not. Later, indeed, we find the adult voice linked with realism and satire: Crabbe, Dryden, Pope, carry it on. Now it has almost died away; Chaucer is the least followed poet in our language. And why? Because we are looking for colour, the child's and the adolescent's twopence coloured, in verse. Chaucer, Baudelaire or the Chinese poets seem to us unimaginative and cold because they are grown up; because they are not concerned always to feel, and to feel too much. Theirs is the touch that chills; I wish there were more of it; I wish more poets would leave their twopence coloured for penny plain. However, if we are to have an over-emotional, hyper-tinted verse, English is certainly the language for it, and English poets have provided the tradition. In Mr. Stephen Spender, for example, we have a Shelley and a Keats in one: his is the old hankering after liberty and revolution, on the one hand, and the desire to swim in a world of soaked, scented sound, on the other. He is the most "traditional," the most nineteenth century of our young poets.

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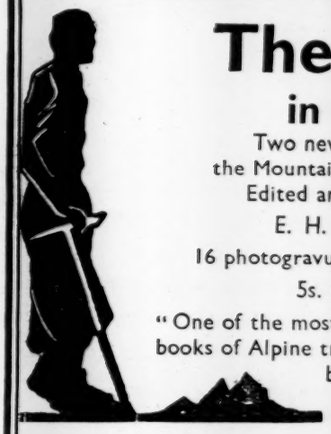

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sights and sounds of his world, a percipient mole, delighted with being and striving to touch things just out of reach.

> To break out of the chaos of my darkness
> Into a lucid day is all my will.
> My words like eyes in night, stare to reach
> A centre for their light, and my acts thrown
> To distant places by impatient violence
> Yet lock together to mould a path of stone
> Out of my darkness into lucid day.

What childhood has seen clearly, adolescence has veiled, and it is in memories of childhood that the quick eye of such a poet comes to life. What do we see of himself, his friends, his beloved's face (love is blind), the streets, the drawing-rooms where he walks, all the insistent *objects* of everyday living? What do we see of all these? Nothing. But from time to time a light in a window opens, a window of childhood on to clear morning, an express train sends the eye travelling back to that day when it was first seen:

> Muscular virtuoso!
> Once again you take the centre of the stage,
> The flat Midlands.
> The signals are all down, the curtain is raised
> As with unerring power you drive
> Straight at your goal.
> You pull down all the Northern iron-rifted
> Mountains to your knees,
> Until they're pressed beneath the feet
> Dragging my sight back with their weight.
> You drive the landscape like a herd of clouds
> Moving against your horizontal tower
> Of steadfast speed.
> All England lies beneath you like a woman
> With limbs revealed
> By one glance carrying all their eyes.
> O juggler of the wheeling towns and stars
> Unpausing even with the night,
> Beneath my lines I read your iron lines
> Like the great art beneath a little life
> Whose giant travelling core
> Is the vessel of its effort and fatigue.

The reason why poets do not write on into old age is that this sort of suffused vision does not persist, and nothing equivalent takes its place. The Keatses die young, because they have nothing to live for; we can't imagine them, as old men propped up in bed, like Sickert, still furiously writing out of an active imagination.

Yet the poet can, if he likes, by technical trick and experiment, outlive adolescence; the golden touch gone, he can still exercise himself in rhyme. Rhyme extends and stiffens thought; and it is rhyme that, as a poet, Mr. Spender conspicuously lacks. He is content with shapeless charm and undeveloped beauty. A soft angular grace is, no doubt, what at the moment makes his poetry remarkable; and it is very much in evidence here in his poems on Spain. But the effort to get outside himself, to which he returns, would be greatly helped by the mere gymnastics of rhyme. And with rhyme, colder thought and clearer vision:

> O blisful light, of which the times clere
> Adorneth at the thridde hevene faire. . . .

G. W. Stonier

RUSSIA WITHOUT PREJUDICE

I Worked in a Soviet Factory. By Peter Francis. *Jarrolds.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Francis did not go to Russia with any preconceived notions about what he was going to find there; he was not in search either of a ready made proletarian paradise or of a wilderness of wrecked machines and starving peasants. He went there, in fact, with the (amongst authors) almost unheard of purpose of seeing what it was like, and his objective approach has enabled him to perform the rare feat of living up to the impartiality which publishers of books about the U.S.S.R. claim for their authors almost as a matter of convention. Another factor which adds very greatly to the value of this book is that the author had no privileges that were not shared by his fellow workers. Most accounts of life in the Soviet Union are in the nature of angle-shots, taken from the exceptional point of view of a foreign specialist or a journalist, but *I Worked in a Soviet Factory* is a straightforward snapshot of living conditions as experienced by the author during his nine months as a fitter working for an average wage in an average factory some sixty miles outside Moscow.

What Mr. Francis has to say is news of the greatest importance, but that it is news of the sort that does not get into the papers is

illustrated by his remark that when he was first told about the social services from which he would benefit he was sceptical because " I felt that if these things were really true I should have heard about them in the British Press, that they would have been hailed with congratulations in all the English papers." Naive Mr. Francis ! The trial and execution of plotting generals makes a good headline and can be given the correct anti-Soviet twist, but the steady increase in the standard of living, the consolidation of socialism, these are not news : and they wouldn't please the advertisers.

Hence the value of a book such as this, which puts things into perspective and will serve as an admirable corrective for readers who are apt to think of Russia in terms of purges and secret police. " I never," says Mr. Francis, " came across any instance where the workers resented this (police) control or had any fear of it. This may not be true of higher officials, generals, or commissars, but it is true of the workers as far as my experience went. They admitted that there were occasional ' purges,' but they knew that they never reached them."

The author got on well with the workers, who accepted him as one of themselves. He mingled with them not only in the factory but also in their houses and in the rest-home where he spent his holiday. He refers more than once to their carefree happiness, a product of the social system which has lifted from them the burden of anxiety and uncertainty that is the wage-earner's lot in capitalist countries. " The Russian worker," he writes, " knows that his children will be educated free, that he will receive a pension after 25 years' work, that he will receive free medical treatment and full pay if he is sick, that he will have a fortnight's holiday on full pay each year, and, greatest of all, that his job is safe." And another reason for his happiness is that " he can see no one ' feathering his nest,' living at a disproportionately higher level of comfort than his own."

Mr. Francis writes about his experiences in a lively manner, and if as a political commentator he is somewhat superficial and not particularly sound, that is of no great importance. There are already plenty of books on the subject which are clotted with statistics and detailed information : what Mr. Francis does is to reduce this information to human terms and show us, as we have not been shown since the publication of *Comrades and Citizens* in 1934, just what it is like to be a worker in the Soviet Union.

The general impression is of a good-humoured and confident community which is intensely proud of being a progressive factor in a retrogressive world. I recommend this encouraging book most highly. It is not often that one has an opportunity of indulging in optimism that is not synonymous with wish-fulfilment.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

MIDSHIPMAN UNEASY

Captain Marryat. By CHRISTOPHER LLOYD. *Longmans.* 15s.

This is an enjoyable book because it brings together, gracefully and skilfully, all the available material about an interesting man who led an eventful life. Marryat was a character. He had a tremendous vitality that carried him through the first half of his life without any desire for sedentary occupations. It was not until he was disillusioned about substantial promotion in the Navy that he turned to the writing of books as a means of making money. He immediately succeeded in this, for Colburn, the enterprising publisher with a modern technique, gave him £400 advance for his first novel, *Frank Mildmay*. The confidence was justified, for this book started a new vogue in fiction ; the cult of the sea and its romance.

That success, and the subsequent sweeping victories, are characteristic of Marryat. His principle in life seems to have been " hit or miss," and he had a genius for spontaneous and impulsive attack, both by sea and at the writing desk. His most successful and famous book, *Midshipman Easy*, was written at furious speed. Here is a note from a letter about it. " Midshipman Easy is my favourite and I shall put him by for a time now and then rattle off the last volume in another six days. I vow that I will write that Book if I live and do well in 18 days. Just to be able to say so." In more ways than this he reminds one of Dickens. He preceded Dickens by making an important innovation in publishing. He was the first novelist to put out his work in serial numbers. He bought *The Metropolitan Magazine*, which had been stagnating under the editorship of Thomas Campbell, the poet, and he brought it instantly to life by serialising in it his novel, *Newton Forster*. Subsequently, as Mr. Lloyd points out,

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" most of the great novels of the last century were published in this manner. Ainsworth was the first to follow Marryat's example in publishing his own work in his own magazine; Dickens and Thackeray followed in *Household Words* and the *Cornhill*. This mode of publication paid the author twice over, but it encouraged a naturally long-winded generation to be unnecessarily verbose. The longer the novel, the more numbers it filled in the author's magazine. Novels became episodic in character at the expense of a well-knit plot, and with careless writers almost anything might happen to the characters. It is possible to find a minor personage up and doing half a dozen chapters after he has been laid in earth. But the method suited Marryat. He was never good at a plot. He preferred to write up an episode at top pressure and then wait till the printers became clamorous for next month's copy."

That sums up the man's literary quality. The curious thing is that this quality, more especially in his character and life, became more marked as he grew older. That is rather a contrary process. Most people become more cautious and formal as they mature; but Marryat was more remarkable for these virtues, if they are virtues, during his early years as a sailor. He left the sea when he was thirty-eight, and it was not until after this that he began to show signs of violent irritability, and to indulge in conduct that was at times distinctly snobbish and even caddish. His married life was a failure, for it seems that his wife was also possessed of a violent temper, and finally they agreed to part, and he retired to his estate in Norfolk, where he made eccentric attempts to be a gentleman farmer, with disastrous results to his exchequer. But even release from an uncongenial partner did not restore his former amiability. The fact is, that the irritable trade of writing seems to have got him down. The man who could stand the most horrifying hardships and injustices and tyrannies in the Navy, entered the literary world to become a prey to suspicions, jealousies, and all the rest of the familiar eumenides that harass a writer's life.

The story of his early years, therefore, makes much more pleasant reading. He served first under Lord Cochrane, who with his frigate, *Impérieuse*, led the life of an intrepid privateer, always in for some adventure, always creaming the seas for prizes. Marryat's temperament rose to that harmonious environment, and he rapidly became as expert as his commanding officer in the quality of swift enterprise and daring. Throughout his career on the sea he was being mentioned in despatches for his gallantry and intelligence. He had won twenty-seven life-saving certificates before he was thirty. His last great exploit was to lead the expedition during the not very creditable Burmese War in 1824.

He seemed to have a gift for being in on historical moments. The most notable of them was the deathbed scene of Napoleon at St. Helena. It was Marryat who was ordered to make the official drawing of the dead Emperor for transmission with the despatches to England. During his second trip to sea in the *Impérieuse* he had Cobbett's son amongst his messmates. The boy was a brute and a bully, and Marryat soon fell foul of him.

Mr. Lloyd is perhaps at his most interesting when he describes the life in the Navy of the post-Trafalgar days. It is charming to hear that while our Admiralty frigates and sloops were chasing Maltese pirate ships, members of the Admiralty Board in London were busy rigging their shares in those ships. Peculation and simony were common. It is to be noted that Marryat's father was Chairman of Lloyd's and had the ear of influential people in the Navy. But the young sailor appeared to have benefited little from this, for his spontaneous temperament, and his outspoken despatches on matters about which he should have been more cautious and discreet, failed to make him friends in Whitehall. He retired prematurely from the Navy out of pique over the postponement of his promotion to Post-Captain. Impulsiveness, high spirits; these were deterrents to his mental gifts. They marred his career and they marred his writing.

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The character and career of Brougham are well worth studying. Mr. Aspinall is to be congratulated on his contribution. He has written a serious and painstaking book and has put himself to the trouble of going to the original documents. Some of his information is new, but, though it is often extremely interesting in itself, it does not require us to reconsider our main outline of Brougham's character or our previous estimates of his stature and achievement. It adds to our detailed knowledge of his relations to persons and parties, and here perhaps its chief contribution is its evidence that Brougham was even more destitute of principles than one had supposed him to be—if indeed that were possible.

The really interesting thing about Brougham was that he was one of the first, if not the first, of a type of politician which became common in Europe during the nineteenth century. He was a self-made man who won his successes by great intellectual ability, an extraordinary variety of talents, and a superhuman exuberance of energy or vitality. He was one of the first of the many successful lawyers who during the nineteenth century made politics a profession and rose to the highest positions in it. And in many ways he was the pioneer in the technique of that kind of success. He shares with Canning the discovery that it was possible to consolidate one's position in Parliament by appealing to " the country " or to the " people " outside it. In his election and other campaigns, he developed this technique much further than Canning carried it.

Political principles and beliefs played small part in determining Brougham's actions, and, as Mr. Aspinall's book shows, there was practically no moment in his long career at which, for adequate consideration, he might not have changed his principles and his party. Contemporaries and historians have concluded that he had no real beliefs except in himself and his own opinions of the moment and no principles other than that of the desirability of personal success. But this is an inadequate view of his personal and political psychology. It is true that his career and his position, crude calculations of personal advantages and disadvantages, always played an important part in determining his actions. But he was not primarily a careerist; the primary motive with him was simply love of power, a passion for dominating his human environment in the courts, in parliament, even at the dinner table and in conversation. This is the reason of his ultimate disaster. If he had been a careerist pure and simple, with his astonishing talents he could not have failed to end as Prime Minister. But his passion for immediately dominating any and everyone with whom he came in contact, his desire to feel his immediate power wherever he happened to be, made any nice calculations of expediency impossible to him. As he grew older, he became in this way more and more unbalanced.

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He became intoxicated with his own power and was prepared to sacrifice everything, including his own career, to the pleasure of displaying it. He lost the capacity of judgment, which had never been his strong point, and, once he had got on his legs and was addressing an audience, the capacity of controlling himself. And so his career ended in long years of complete failure, without power and out of office. A good many of our most successful statesmen in more recent times have learnt from Brougham's mistakes.

LEONARD WOOLF

A List of Selected Books

(This is a selected list of important forthcoming books. We have not included books reviewed this week.)

NEW WRITING. Edited by John Lehmann, Stephen Spender and Christopher Isherwood. *Hogarth.* 6s. May 4th.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d. May 4th.

THE ART OF CÉZANNE. By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. *Cape.* 21s. May 12th.

GANGWAY DOWN! By Dave Marlowe. *Harrap.* 8s. 6d. May 18th.

THE END OF ECONOMIC MAN. By Peter F. Drucker. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d. May 8th.

ARNOLD BENNETT. By Georges Lafourcade. *Frederick Muller.* 12s. 6d. May 11th.

TURGOT AND THE *Ancien Régime* IN FRANCE. By Douglas Dakin. *Methuen.* 15s. May 11th.

YOU NEVER KNOW, DO YOU? By A. E. Coppard. *Methuen* 7s. 6d. May 11th.

THE DIARY OF DUDLEY RYDER, 1715-16. Edited by William Matthews. *Methuen.* 16s. May 18th.

HAMMER, SICKLE AND BATON. By H. Unger. *Cresset Press.* 8s. 6d. May 8th.

GERMANY PUSHES WEST. By Gerhard Schacher. *Hurst and Blackett.* 10s. 6d. May 6th.

A JOURNAL OF REPARATIONS. By Charles C. Dawes. *Macmillan.* 21s. May 2nd.

APOSTLES OF THE REVOLUTION. By Max Nomad. *Secker and Warburg.* 15s. May 6th.

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London Gardens of the Past. By HELEN G. NUSSEY. *Lane.* 6s.

The most interesting fact that Miss Nussey gives us in this book is about the present. In 1938, there were 65,000 small gardens entered in the All London Garden Championship. This fact, and the extensive acreage in the London parks, are a source of constant wonder to people of other cities. Miss Nussey writes of the gardens of the monasteries —Blackfriars, Whitefriars, Austin Friars, the Minories; of Lambeth, of Fulham, of the gardens of the nobles; of Savoy, of Somerset House, of Whitehall, and many more. It was a time when London was two miles across, and "spotted as thick with gardens as a common meadow is with daisies." One can see from the charming illustrations that Londoners were garden lovers always. Indeed, the subject matter of the book, had it been adequately treated, is of great interest. But it is always difficult for anyone familiar with garden books to have patience for those written with "old world" atmosphere. Why quote those same bits of Francis Bacon again? There are others with a better understanding of gardens—Drayton, or Gerard. W. H. Hudson, whose words spring as naturally from the common earth as Gerard's, complains: "That most books on plant lore are wearisome," but of the author of the famous Herbal, he says: "The colour of his style is never overworn, and he is ever fresh, full of variety and agreeable surprises, like Nature herself." The colour of the style of this book on gardens is I fear, somewhat overworn.

Obstacles to Human Progress. By GEORGE IVES. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Ives has written, or perhaps one might say compiled, an interesting book rather in the style of Dean Inge. It is not on the same level as Dicey's book on Public Opinion and is rather more concerned with anthropology than with civilised communities. It is perhaps unfortunate that if Mr. Ives wishes to quote Latin, he should not make his quotations intelligible. There is a quotation on page 43 from Lucretius which is quite unrecognisable except by referring to the original. The same applies to other Latin quotations on pages 50 and 116. The first Chapter on "Opposition to Discoveries" has some striking examples of Anatole France's remark that one can always estimate the amount of good that one is doing from the amount of abuse one receives. In the great mass of quotations Mr. Ives scatters pleasant little remarks of his own such as "We have been told many times that the worst crimes have been committed in the cause of religion. Some hold that hardly less shocking acts of cruelty and injustice have been perpetrated in the name of morality." Mr. Ives has made considerable reputation by some of his previous works, as for instance his *History of Penal Methods*; but for such books no logical plan was necessary and he dealt mainly with historical records in an interesting way. The title to this book presupposes some sort of logical plan; but it is conceived and composed on the same lines as his former works. This may possibly irritate the reader and he may also consider Mr. Ives's views on religion not entirely relevant to the problem in hand. The book, however, is full of interesting information which may compensate anyone who sits down to it without any strong belief in human progress and who may be refreshed by the liberality of the author's views. Mr. Ives considers the law one of the principal obstacles to human progress. "The Law continues, as usual, a century or two behind modern knowledge, as, for instance, in dealing with blasphemy (as distinct from brawling and interrupting), sacrilege (as distinct from robbery), homosexuality (as distinct from assault or meddling with the very young), and, most irrationally, with regard to attempts at suicide (as distinct from pretended attempts for ulterior purposes)."

Why We Are Losing the Peace. By K. ZILLIACUS. *Gollancz* 3s. 6d.

As a member of the League of Nations Secretariat from January, 1920, onwards, Mr. Zilliacus has had a ringside seat at the power-contest which has made such a mockery of man's boasts of civilisation. Pending completion of a *magnum opus* on the rise, decline and fall of the League, he lets off steam with these periodical tracts for the times—the upshot of which is that "the 'National' Government are morally unforgivable and politically unfit to govern"—which have been appearing hitherto under the pen-name of Vigilantes. (The author was among those recently "axed" from Geneva to make the world safe for the Axis.)

This critique of British foreign policy is slight but none the less effective for being more sober and restrained than previous objurgations. Two points only need to be stressed about the behaviour of our rulers:. (1) that there is no question of new aims, no awareness of new needs since 1914; on the contrary, they live from hand to mouth "struggling helplessly like fish caught in the tides": hence the incurable pusillanimity which they display. And (2) that they identify quite naturally, almost unconsciously, national interests with the interests of the plutocracy, and the apparatus of State is geared to those interests. The Government's record in regard to Spain and the Czechoslovak crisis fully bears out this contention. Mr. Zilliacus aptly contrasts, for instance, the declaration by Sir Samuel Hoare against non-intervention in Russia in 1919 with his attitude at the beginning of the Spanish conflict.

SIR THOMAS WYSE, 1791-1862:
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By JAMES J. AUCHMUTY, Ph.D. *Illustrated.* **15s.**

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Daily Mirror **Thriller of the Month**

NELSON

NEW NOVELS

East of Eden. By I. J. SINGER. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Nettles to My Head. By JOSEPHINE KAMM. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Song of the Valley. By SHOLEM ASCH. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Blind Man's Ditch. By WALTER ALLEN. *M. Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

East of Eden is an epic in which Paradise cannot be lost since it has never been found, and tells the story of a fruitless struggle in which chaos and old night are the unquestioned victors. Nachman is born in the beggars' quarter of a Judo-Polish village and brought up in the fanatically strict ritual of Talmudic Law. He goes to Warsaw, joins the Communists and is savagely tortured in the prisons of the secret police. At last he is released and escapes to Russia, the eastward Eden of his dreams, only to find labour conditions worse than those at home and the free speech for which he had longed rewarded by psychological tortures more unendurable than the heartier beatings and twistings of the old capitalism. Meanwhile, his mother has died in childbirth, his father has been killed in the war, one of his sisters has been betrayed by a soldier and the other has gone on the streets. We leave Nachman—son of consolation—squatting in a wood on the Soviet frontier mournfully contemplating the wealed rump of a dying horse. Since Mr. Singer is the author, all these horrors are very convincingly described. The miseries of a pauper's schooldays, the dirty work behind Polish Left-wing politics, the squalor and terrorism of the Five Year Plan in Four are painted with so sure a touch and in so vivid a colour that we almost forget the distortions of the perspective. For what, after all, is Mr. Singer getting at? Nachman the beggar is starved because he is a Jew, Nachman the agitator is beaten because he is a Jew and a Communist, Nachman the Soviet shock-worker is arrested because he is a democrat. Mr. Singer reserves most of his bitterness for the Russian episodes, and presents cruel and be-pistoled Commissars with almost unconvincing fervour. It is true that Nachman gets a bad deal in the Soviet—the pie he expected to find in his heaven across the frontier turns out to be mostly stake—but his miseries are critically different from those he undergoes in Poland. In Russia he suffers because he offends the political machine: in Poland, because he is a Jew. The author implies this distinction clearly enough, yet spares more of his anger for the victim of graft than for the victim of birth and religion. This inconsistency is the failure of *East of Eden.* Throughout the book misery and oppression are constant factors for which our pity is constantly demanded. At the Soviet frontier the motives and mechanisms are changed, though the woes remain the same, and the compassion we felt for the Jew is invoked for the anti-Communist. Without judging the respective demerits of racial and political persecution, it must be agreed that their emotional value is different, and that the first tends to excite more sympathy than the second. To transfer our feelings for one to inflame our resentment against the other is undesirable in a novel however effective in propaganda. But all this may be largely a purist's prejudice, and cannot prevent *East of Eden* from being a vigorous and affecting apologia for the most miserable section of an oppressed people.

After Mr. Singer's epic of lice, lamentation and the whips of the oppressor, Mrs. Kamm's little water-colour of the British still-life has all the effective contrast of a flute after an organ. *Nettles To My Head* is the story of Enid, a young Jewess at an English girls' school, and studies all the little pinpricks of patronage and prejudice that are our typical substitute for Cossacks and concentration camps. There is no persecution of any kind, merely a certain conscious restraint; and Enid is never allowed quite to forget that she is an alien among people whose highest compliment is to tell her that she might almost be mistaken for one of themselves. This is the background; the major part of the book is devoted to that boyish heartiness that seems so characteristic of girls' schools. Bluff hockey mistresses stew mugs of cocoa and call each other by their surnames; good chums sling macs over shoulders, stow tomatoes and boiled eggs in paper bags and hike over the Downs gossiping about common-room politics and pashes. In her own way Mrs Kamm is as good as Clare Boothe at telling us what her sex is like when it is by itself; she has merely been a little unambitious in her choice of an environment to describe. Beneath it all, of course, is Enid's personal problem, but Mrs. Kamm shares her schoolgirls' tact and never forces it on our notice. It is difficult to determine how far verisimilitude is desirable in a novel about ordinary people. A snapshot is not as interesting as a painting or a caricature even though it be a better likeness, and a detailed reproduction of schoolgirl backchat leaves me quite unmoved however much it might interest a future social historian. Mrs. Kamm is sensitive, subtle, accurate, and has chosen a theme that offers enviable scope for a writer of her especial genre. Unfortunately, she seems too conscientious to be selective, and too realistic to find drama, thought or passion in the English middle classes. She is a good reporter, but as so many readers have discovered, honesty by itself is not nearly enough.

Song of the Valley is a somewhat alarming book. Cast loosely in the shape of a novel, it is a tale—half history, half fiction—of active Zionism, and tells how a small collective toils to reclaim and settle a pestilent swamp under Mount Gilboa. In face of disease, poverty and hostile Arabs the group labours at its mud-patch, until at last nature is conquered and grain begins to spring where mosquitoes bred before. Superficially, a proper and inspiring story, but, unhappily, written in terms that I seem to remember in quite another connection. The stern, austere, yet lovable leader riding on his horse, the joyous little cripple who kills the great boar and dies helping his comrades to live, the feeble intellectuals running away from hard work, the tough inarticulate Hercules and his earthy mating with a broad-bosomed opposite, all these old friends have a dubious ring about them, and called by Nordic names would smell even more suspicious. It is unpleasantly simple to visualise the group and its exploits in the garish colours of a propaganda poster. Mr. Asch wears his new cloak with graceful zest, and though I miss the humorous subtleties of his urban novels he is too good a writer to miss his dramatic opportunities. Sometimes, though, he seems to say a little too much:

> And there were many more; they had all left their former homes, and had come together here, impelled by the longing for emancipation. Hand in hand, shoulder pressed against shoulder, united by a sense of the past, they had turned their backs on their former lives for ever and were entering upon a new existence here. They were welded together in a great chain, the chain swayed and turned in a circle, the circle was close-knit, was a unit, was animated by *one* thought, *one* dance, *one* cry; "Long live Israel!"

Where *did* I hear that sort of thing before?

Blind Man's Ditch is a trolley-bus novel, that is to say, it is up to date, contains a varied assortment of passengers, starts rapidly, runs smoothly and doesn't always keep to the rails. Its greatest fault is that it makes yet another attempt to be a provincial *Point Counter-Point:* its greatest merit is that it succeeds so well as it does. As in all novels that consist of inter-related short stories it is very difficult to obtain or impart a precise idea of the various plots and characters. It might be desirable for publishers to issue little tabular digests, something like this:

CHARACTER	TYPICAL REMARK	TYPICAL OCCUPATION	FATE
BARTHOLOMEW	"What's yours, sir?"	Torturing small boys, kicking cats.	Prison cell.
ROSAMUND	"God! I'm a bitch!"	Living in a flat hung with Van Gogh cypresses; being a bitch.	Tears beneath the tinsel.
EUGENE	"There is a being whom my spirit oft met in its visioned wanderings far aloft."	Wandering far aloft.	The hangman's little shed.
ANDERSON	"But my dear Simpson, your idea of poetry is altogether too limited."	Phoning Rosamund.	Another Rosamund.

The trouble with *Blind Man's Ditch* is that of the curate's egg, and even the stimulating freshness of the best cannot wholly take away the mustiness of the remainder. The wicked Bartholomew, for instance, in whom vice, egoism and deplorable day-dreams are mingled with a sort of lumbering pathos, is one of the best re-creations I have seen of the day-to-day evil that slouches into every saloon bar, and the sections (fortunately extensive) devoted to his war against society are as good as anything Mr. Allen has written. On the other hand, there is Rosamund, the nadir of all her hard-boiled, frank-speaking, sentimentally cultured class, whom America has sent us for our literary confusion. How Mr. Allen was capable of both Rosamund and Bartholomew I am quite unable to understand; the creation of Bartholomew, however, is ample evidence that he is an author who will not break the promise of his early work.

JOHN MAIR

A MAN POSSESSED OF GOD

The Philosophy of Courage. By PHILIP LEON. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*

The Philosophy of Courage will probably be considered to be a book in execrably bad taste by professional philosophers. For here is a colleague, trained in the Oxford tradition, who has broken all the conventions and written a book not about the words "right" and "wrong" but about the subject of right and wrong. In spite of the money lavished on his education, Mr. Leon is passionately interested in salvation. And more remarkable still, he acts and writes in the belief that God exists, and in the conviction that this is the most important fact in his life.

Whether Mr. Leon's faith is right or wrong, it has enabled him to give us a book of first-rate importance. Most men with moral convictions have no intellectual training: most intellectuals have no moral convictions. Mr. Leon has both, and in addition a vigour and vitality of style which enable him to express his moral experience as well as analysing it. *The Philosophy of Courage* is not only able philosophy but a personal document. It is that rare thing, a book which *demands* either acceptance or refutation. You can't read it and just leave it alone. Let me try to summarise the argument. Mr. Leon starts, like Descartes, by doubting away all but the bare inescapable facts, and he finds that these are two in number, himself and God. With a Lutheran violence, he describes the gulf which is set between the fallen self and the absolute goodness of God. The self in his view is a tangled collection of selfish purposes and fears. So long as it is alienated from God, it is wholly bad. Character is but a "stereotyped pattern of reactions," rational purpose a narrow effort for personal self-assertion. In its fallen state, the human soul is a battleground of desires, and reason the tool of the passions. "We can," he writes, "define the self as a group or pattern of particular desires," and in a brilliant passage, reminiscent of the fourth book of Plato's *Republic*, goes on to analyse the Cyclopean, mutually destructive, anarchic nature of these desires, and to argue that all social morality and conventional ethics are based on fear; and attempt, by repression and accommodation, to produce a tolerable equilibrium both in the anarchy of the individual soul and the anarchy of human society. "War is the life of the self within one individual, between individual and individual, and within the unchanged nation." In brief, Mr. Leon accepts Hobbes's analysis of human nature and of human society.

Having thus analysed the human soul apart from God, Mr. Leon next describes the way of salvation. Although the fallen self is wholly bad, it still retains in it a spark of the divine fire, and salvation is found by permitting this spark to blaze up and to extinguish the particularity of desire and intellect. Salvation can only come, in his view, by the absolute and complete denial of self, of conventional morality, of rational purpose and of human society. The passion for God, which is the only good in man, must be permitted to dominate the whole of life. Only by this supreme and continuous act of self-negation and God-assertion can I be saved. And so too with society. "To save such a society from total ruin through war nothing less is needed than total holiness."

Such in brief is Mr. Leon's philosophy of courage. He does not shirk the most violent conclusions to which its logic leads him; indeed, the more flagrant the paradox, the more he rejoices, since nothing can be more paradoxical than that man should save his life by losing it. Man, with his free will, his love of life, his sense of beauty and his intellect, must rejoice to see all these annihilated and have faith that, once they have been utterly surrendered to God, they will be returned to him purged and perfected beyond his human conception.

Mr. Leon would be the first to admit there is nothing new in his philosophy. It is the creed of the "inner light," which Martin Luther and John Wesley preached. The Oxford Groups—for as the reader has already guessed Mr. Leon is a Grouper—are returning to an age-old tradition of Protestant revivalism. The only unusual thing is that a man of Mr. Leon's intellectual capacity should be among them and able to put into clear-cut rational form their sentiments and half-expressed ideas, to create in fact a *Weltanschauung* of Moral Rearmament.

"If we find a man wedded to error, the best service we can do him," writes Mr. Leon, "is, instead of contradicting him, to help him to express it as well as it can be expressed." Strangely enough, this is precisely what Mr. Leon himself has done. He has expressed the philosophy of the Groups so clearly that I doubt if anyone who has read and mastered his book could possibly continue to be a Grouper. By formulating the thesis of complete surrender to God, he drives his reader remorselessly to seek the antithesis without which his half-truths are not only error but blasphemy. For Mr. Leon knows that *he has* escaped from total sin to total holiness. For him there is only the blackness of the Hell from which he has been saved and the whiteness of the Heaven in which he dwells with his fellow Groupers. And since he believes there are only two realities, the totally evil self and society and the totally good God and the Groups, he must and does claim that, once he has made his surrender, he has become God incarnate. "God and the Cross are one. Be Crucified. *Be Christs*" is his new commandment.

The average Grouper does not put it in those terms; but he behaves as though he was God's next-of-kin, all-wise, all-loving and all-powerful. Believing that he has humiliated himself utterly, he commits the supreme blasphemy of speaking with the authority of God. No wonder that Groupers form a happy fellowship: no wonder they sense a release from fear and repression: no wonder they speak with tongues and daily perform their miracles! They are not merely men like gods, but God himself.

And being God, they have no human tasks to perform. Theirs not to clear the slums or laboriously to construct imperfect institutions by which imperfect men may be enabled to live less dreary lives. In the empyrean of Group society, they regard such human endeavour as the selfish, rationalistic futilities of unchanged man. They have only one task—to continue to be Christs and to gather other Christs into their timeless and Heavenly host, while Mr. Leon, in his own words, "through his purified intellect, co-ordinates the various intuitions of God which the purified heart enables us to have . . . For the hour of the Resurrection is striking now!"

There is no doubt that a person who believes he is God gains a new dynamic. All his doubts of his own capacities, intellectual and moral, disappear. Whatever thought comes to him in his quiet time is absolutely true: whatever action he does, no matter how disastrous the consequences, is absolutely right. He need no longer worry about his family or his country or the world; he

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has focussed the attention of the world on the great democracy across the Atlantic. All who seek a better understanding of the principles and policies which govern the actions of the U.S.A. should read **AMERICAN GOVERNMENT,** by W. Reed West (18*s.* net). Written by a professor of political science in George Washington University, this book offers in its 800 pages a factual survey of the structure and activities of both the Federal and State Governments, together with a shrewd analysis of the forces of parties and public opinion which play so large a part in determining America's attitude to current affairs.

Another book which should be read by the student of contemporary events is **ECONOMICS,** by Frederic Benham, of the University of London (7*s.* 6*d.* net). It gives a complete outline of modern economic doctrine as related to present-day problems, and offers a clear, unbiased account of the workings of the economic system under capitalism. You will find in this book all the information on economics you need, presented in an interesting and readable manner.

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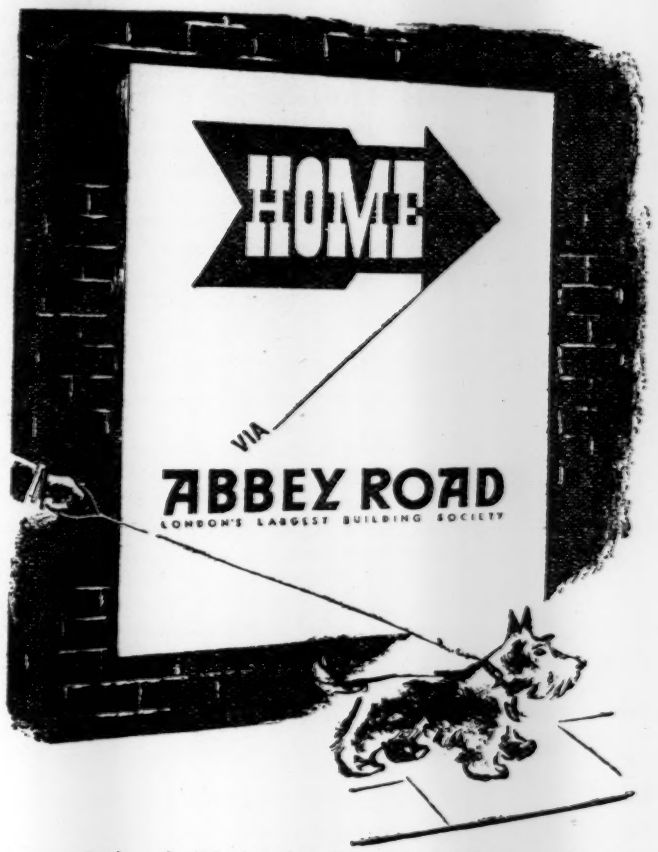

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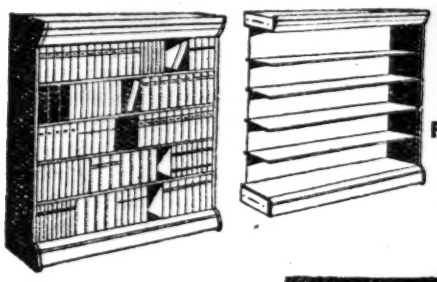

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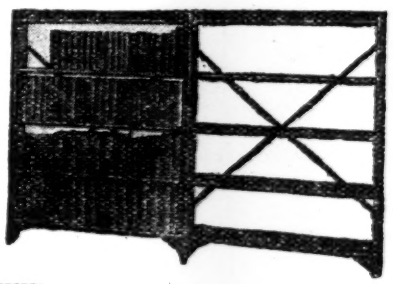

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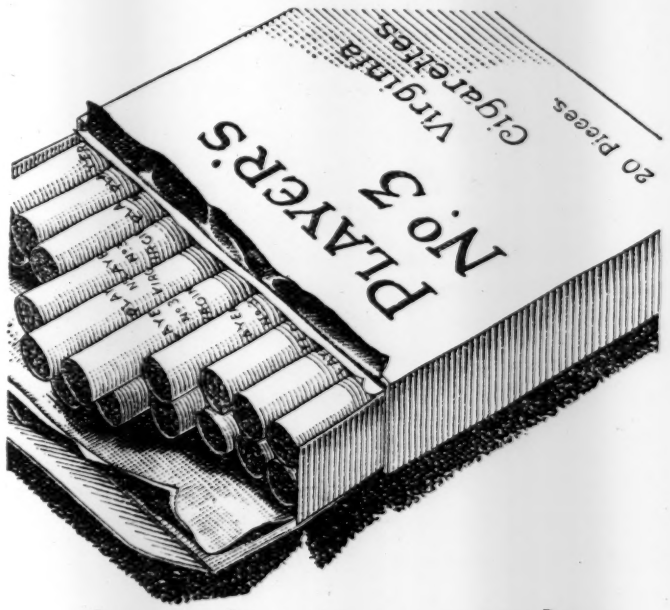

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is relieved of all responsibility for thought or word or deed, and so " he shouts and he sings, he laughs and is glad."

In an age when taking thought for the morrow seems sadly unavailing, when the individual feels himself at the mercy of forces he cannot control, and society is dominated by terrifying hysterias, there is an inevitable temptation to seek an escape from individual responsibility. We try, by enslaving ourselves to an ideology or a movement or a Leader, to shirk the terrifying task which the possession of a free will and an intellect have imposed upon us. We become Groupers or National Socialists, desperately trying to find some tide to swim with. Mr. Leon sees this, for he writes of the influence of intellectuals : " Each age needs to crystallise its own particular mania ; for, by crystallising it, it can keep it ; and so it seizes upon some idea of some scribe or pharisee which will serve its purpose. . . . Our function as the brain of a mad mankind is to spread mad or silly ideas, in other words, we can furnish the method for the madness."

No words could more aptly describe *The Philosophy of Courage*. It does indeed furnish a method for the particular mania of our age. For we are a generation which has gone a-whoring after leaders and movements and phrases which will solve our problems for us. We want to get from Hell to Heaven without passing through the purgatory of independent judgment and social collaboration. We want Communism—without the revolution, a League of Nations without social reconstruction—and now Mr. Leon offers God without discipline and individual responsibility.

Let me repeat : *The Philosophy of Courage* is a brilliant book, and I frankly admit that it has changed me. Before reading it, I had supposed that there was something to be said for Moral Rearmament. Mr. Leon has made me see that there is no greater sin than complete confidence in one's own perfectability, and no pride more dangerous than the humility of those who worship a God or Leader, created in their own image.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE LIBERAL BOOK CLUB

Life Within Reason. By IVOR BROWN. **Future for Democracy.** By RAMSAY MUIR. *Nicholson and Watson, for the Liberal Book Club.* 2s. 6d. *each.*

The latest Book Club starts with two advantages, the goodwill of the booksellers because it sells through them instead of even in part directly, and the curiosity of the public. It is melancholy to record that such publications as these are unlikely to retain them.

Mr. Brown defends liberalism, Professor Muir Liberalism. Mr. Brown attempts to re-state a liberal philosophy, Professor Muir to revive a party programme. Of the two books, Professor Muir's is the better. His book is well written, clear, and supported by facts. His detail proposals, if not new, are often attractive and usually practicable. He urges the application of mandates to all colonies, a drastic Cabinet reform, a reformed second Chamber, a single transferable vote, and taxation of land values. He would permit the State, in addition to what it does clumsily already, to take some control over banking, over transport, and over the supply of power. But these proposals do not seem specifically Liberal : some would be accepted by Conservatives, and for a Labour government to take up the majority of the reforms offered in his carefully thought out last chapters would not only be possible but would more than fulfil the diminished hopes of to-day.

What is undeniably Liberal in his book is his description of general principles and controlling and limiting rules ; and for this awed astonishment alone is suitable. Time has stood still. When I first read political literature at all—thirty years ago—exactly these phrases were being used, and the same arguments victoriously shouted from six hundred and fifteen Liberal platforms. I never thought again to read a discussion of free trade versus tariff reform, couched so resolutely in the terms of 1910. The protectionist argument from defence is evaded : " are we to regard peace or war as the normal relation between nations ? " he asks. (Neither : the normal relation now is the menace of war ; and it is irrelevant to say you can store wheat to men who believe they are securing by tariffs the survival of the steel industry.) " Capitalism "—always in quotation marks—has not broken down, because there is no such thing (life being too complex) and so it can't break down. Socialism would destroy the profit incentive, which we cannot do without. Profit sharing should be established. Every worker should be encouraged to save and acquire " a bit of property." Landlords may be treated sharply. It has not changed and will not : for ever will Bonar Law be routed and Lloyd George be fair.

Mr. Brown attempts something more difficult, and his failure is the greater. His principles are so vaguely stated as sometimes to mean nothing at all ; here is the nearest I can find to a definition :

> The Radical believes in the individual and holds the State to be the servant of the citizen, the means of the Common Being and Well Being, of Safety and Amenity.

Throughout such vague nouns are capitalised in a straining hope that typography will give exactness. In his facts, big and small, he is recklessly careless : Ireland is no longer " the so-called Free State," Hitler was not " overwhelmingly voted into power " (he only secured a majority by illegally detaining the Communist deputies), it is an exaggeration to say that Mr. Chamberlain has " saved the Czechs from . . . almost total annihilation," and the 40-hour week is no longer " wholesale " in France. One gropes through a mist of wrathful rhetoric, colliding suddenly with unexpected affirmations, such as one of a belief in the Noble Savage (based on an anonymous extract about a suspiciously amiable people called Negritoes), a contempt for Woolworths' girls, and a celebration of the political wisdom of farm labourers. Fascism is assumed to be for all practical purposes the same as Communism, and the whole Socialist case against Liberalism is not attacked but completely ignored. This is the odder because Mr. Brown used to be a Socialist.

There is a need for sensible studies, in and of Liberalism. Liberals have not done them, for reasons shown in these books. Socialists have not, largely because of the Marxian dialectic. By this formula proletarian Socialism has to be the " Antithesis " of bourgeois Liberalism. Hence Marxists, the most consistent and intelligent Socialist theorists, despised or opposed Liberal principles such as freedom of speech, personal liberty, and bourgeois democracy. We see to-day how dangerous this historical fallacy can be. I would like to hope that the new Club will offer us studies showing Liberalism and Socialism not as opposites but as a continuing stream ; but I do not see these on its programme.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

ALL ABOUT BIRDS

Birds as Animals. By JAMES FISHER. With a foreword by JULIAN S. HUXLEY, F.R.S. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

A Book of British Waders. By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

Too many bird books appeal either to the sportsman only, or to the sentimentalist who places the bird on a pedestal to the obscuration of the right perspective and clear thought. This is, however, not the case with Mr. James Fisher's *Birds as Animals*. The author, who is an assistant Curator at the Zoo, and therefore a trained zoologist, is also an enthusiastic bird-watcher, and his book, apart from citing almost every acknowledged authority on bird lore, contains a wealth of first-hand experience. It is a veritable mine of information arranged so that it will appeal to bird lovers of every conceivable grade and variety. Bird historians are reviewed from Aristotle to up-to-date authors, outstanding in this category being Von Caub, who in 1485 classified birds with bats and bees. We are shown the bird's place in nature and how it arrived there. Although it evolved from reptiles about one hundred and thirty million years ago when mammals were also in the making, it reached " perfection " much sooner than the higher vertebrates. Having evolved warm blood and the power of flight, the bird had literally no more worlds to conquer. The author points out the relative uniformity of avian build and that for reasons which are here clearly demonstrated there is much less difference between a humming bird and an ostrich than there is between a pigmy shrew and a blue whale. Successive chapters deal with the changes nature has rung on the general avian theme, the factors covering bird distribution, the causes of migration, the guarding of territorial rights, and reproduction. A chapter that will be full of surprises for many is that dealing with the numbers of existing birds and how these figures are arrived at. One of the many methods employed by the bird census makers is that of photographing flocks and " totting them up " at leisure, just as a marine biologist estimates the number of worms or sea urchins in a vast sand flat by counting those found in a single sample brought up by the " grab." Some

Company Meeting

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LORD KEMSLEY'S ADDRESS

THE fifteenth annual general meeting of Allied Newspapers, Limited was held on May 1st at Stationers Hall, London.

Lord Kemsley, the Chairman, in the course of his speech paid a tribute to the work of five directors who had resigned since the last annual meeting, Lord Iliffe, who became deputy-chairman in 1937, Mr. William Will, Mr. Alexander Paterson, Mr. R. J. Barrett, and Mr. D. R. Anderson. He referred to the election of the Hon. Lionel Berry as deputy-chairman and of the Hon. Neville Berry to the board, and continued :

The profits for the year have been seriously affected by the increased cost of paper, which is our largest single item of expenditure. The revenue from advertising has fallen slightly owing to the political crises and to the decrease in financial issues. A considerable saving has been effected by the cessation of canvassing and free gifts, as well as in other directions, and the final result for the year must be considered satisfactory. There is a balance available for distribution of £406,379. The directors recommend transferring £50,000 to general reserve, making £2,300,000, and declaring a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 6 per cent., less tax.

I think I can claim that your company has come through these difficult times in a creditable manner. It has done so, in my opinion, because all our properties are well and soundly established, and because of our sense of responsibility in presenting the news with accuracy, fairness and lack of sensationalism. I have considered it my responsibility in the Press which comes under my direction to tell the public the truth, and at the same time to see that we do all in our power to maintain its faith and belief in the strength and might of the Empire. With regard to advertising, one of our principal sources of revenue, it is a tribute to the great businesses of the country and their advertising agents that they have maintained during most of the year a steady policy with regard to their advertising appropriations.

Dealing with our national publications, I come to the *Sunday Times*, which has been described as the greatest Sunday newspaper in the world. I can claim for it that it has had one of the most notable years of progress in its history. While maintaining the highest standards of journalism it has steadfastly remained aloof from sensation.

I should now like to say something about the *Daily Sketch*, our popular illustrated national daily which is published simultaneously in London and Manchester. Whereas in the past a picture paper could and often did concentrate on pictures to the exclusion of all but the most important news, conditions have changed, and the *Daily Sketch* in its new form provides the complete guide to world affairs, both in news and pictures. I feel that we can therefore claim now that every reader of the *Daily Sketch* is as well informed in essential matters as those who read any other newspapers. Its convenient size and vital appeal to both men and women alike make it the ideal paper for the family, and we are determined that it shall remain a newspaper which can safely be introduced into any home.

The *Daily Sketch* has a companion paper, the *Sunday Graphic*. By its brilliant combination of features and pictures the *Sunday Graphic* to-day commands a dominant position in the homes of Britain. It has achieved an unique reputation for its fearless and authoritative information on world affairs. To-day, no newspaper is more ideally suitable for home reading. Its pages are designed to interest and inform every member of the family. In addition, it is famous for its cartoons and comic strips.

In the Provinces we publish some of the leading morning and evening newspapers in the country. In Manchester we publish the *Daily Dispatch*, which still retains its position as having by far the largest circulation of any morning paper published wholly in the Provinces, and the *Evening Chronicle*, as well as two of our Sunday papers, the *Sunday Chronicle* and the *Empire News*. The *Sunday Chronicle* is the outstanding paper in the field of national popular Sunday journalism. Its spectacular success is due to its policy of boldness and brightness. The *Empire News* is the popular Sunday paper circulating amongst the masses of the industrial workers, men and women, throughout Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North.

After dealing in some detail with the progress of the company's newspapers published in Glasgow, Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Sheffield, Cardiff, and Aberdeen, Lord Kemsley voiced the directors' thanks to the staff of the company and concluded : I cannot say what the future holds in store for us, but we can face it with courage and determination as well as adapt ourselves to any conditions that may arise. We propose to go steadily forward, maintaining our present policy and as far as possible raising our standards of efficiency in production and service to the public.

The report was unanimously adopted, the proposed conversion of the shares into stock was approved, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors and staff.

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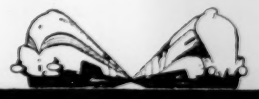

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birds are so restricted in the areas they affect that their numbers can be ascertained with precise accuracy. It is known, for example, that there are only twenty Gannet colonies in the world with an aggregate of one hundred and fifty thousand birds. Also that the world population of the St. Kilda wren amounts to only sixty-eight pairs.

Serious food for thought is offered in the final chapter, "Birds and Man." All the chief reservations and bird protection societies are systematically reviewed. Birds have been taken seriously only, relatively speaking, within living memory. A depressing list of birds made quite unnecessarily extinct is given and some figures quoted which seem to promise that the tale of thoughtless extermination is not yet told. Europe's, and perhaps the world's duck populace, for instance, is apparently on the rapid decline. In France, one and a half million gun licences are taken out annually. In North America the demand for duck is such that now there exists an average of only thirty duck per "sportsman." Canada is complaining of this with much justification, since it appears that a large number of these duck nest in Canada, where they are protected, and then ungratefully fly across to America and end their lives on U.S.A. dinner tables.

It is difficult to recommend this book too highly, either to amateur or expert, and the author is to be congratulated on his accomplishment. It is well indexed, has an appendix of over eight hundred references to other authorities, and many admirable diagrams and a few photographs.

To the long list of books on our native birds is now added Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's *A Book of British Waders*. Though, as the publishers admit, the theme is not original, the book is to be recommended both for its charm, clarity and price. Most of the previous efforts in the same direction have been as portentous in bulk as in the value asked for them.

The opening chapters pass in review the months when our shy waders are most in evidence upon a countryside stripped and bared by winter's hand. This follows a description of our thirty-three native waders and of some few rare visitors such as the Slender-billed Curlew, normally an inhabitant of Western Siberia. A great deal of valuable first-hand observation enlivens almost every description, and some fallacies—too often handed on from book to book—are finally dispelled. The Ruff, for example, has become almost a byword for pugnacity. Many must have seen the manner in which two males raise their feathery ruffs and then engage in grotesque fighting bouts with their long pointed bills. Mr. Fitzgerald points out that there is nothing in this heroism that can seriously be regarded as a fight. "There are no victorious ruffs. The display has no significance at all except as an outlet for an exceptional emotionalism. And the females' attitude to this display is interesting. It has no influence upon them; they disregard it entirely, appearing bored by the whole business." But the ladies have the last word. Each selects her mate and, having shown her choice by quietly poking her bill through his frill, flies off with him for the purpose of nest building and the rearing of a family.

This useful and attractive book is completed by a tabulated summary of every species, setting forth appearance, distribution, number and colour of eggs, habits, etc. Even at a time when bird photography would seem to be at its peak the photographs which illustrate this book are exceptionally good. Some show rare birds that have never sat to the camera before.

E. G. BOULENGER

WHO'S WHO OF BULGARIAN FASCISM

Bulgarian Conspiracy. By J. SWIRE. *Robert Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The history of Bulgaria since the war is a record of bloodshed and butchery without parallel even in the Balkans. From 1918 to 1934 this small country possessed a Parliament and a formally democratic Constitution, but its real rulers were the terrorist Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation. Formed as a revolutionary society in 1894 to secure political and social freedom from Turkish rule, IMRO was divided from the beginning into two main factions. The "Federalists" wished to create an autonomous Macedonia within a state which should include all Southern Slav peoples. They rightly claimed that the Macedonian Slavs have a language and a history of their own, distinct from those of either Serbians or Bulgarians. The "Supremists," closely connected with the Government in Sofia, wished to annex Macedonia to Bulgaria. Macedonians themselves, they became the tools of Bulgarian imperialists, at first of Tsar Ferdinand (1887–1918) and his circle, then of the sinister General Volkov, Minister of War from 1923 to 1929. Volkov worked with Italy in her imperialistic designs against Jugoslavia, hoping to receive as his reward Serbian Macedonia, into which IMRO regularly sent its "liberating" bands to burn and murder. In this he had the cautious support of Ferdinand's son and successor, Tsar Boris.

From the moment when IMRO took part in 1923 in the overthrow of the Agrarian Government of Stambolijski, representative of the Bulgarian peasant masses, it became the simple instrument of the people's oppressors. Its outrages were not confined to Jugoslav territory. Vancho Mihailov, Volkov's creature, was responsible for the extermination, carried out with sickening cruelty, of thousands of Communists and Agrarians. He did not spare his own leaders, the "Federalist" revolutionaries. Entrenched in Bulgarian Macedonia, a state within the state, he sent his emissaries to torture and murder his political opponents in other parts of Bulgaria. He himself was protected from the slightest danger and maintained by Mussolini's gold. All governments paid him tribute, no less the "democratic" coalition of 1931–1934 than its more openly reactionary predecessors. Then in April, 1934, the Officers' League led by Damian Veltchev overthrew the Parliamentary regime, dissolved IMRO, imprisoned some of its leaders—though Volkov was already abroad, and Mihailov fled to Turkey—and attempted to create a new system suited to the interests of the people. The experiment was short-lived. Its old enemies, conspiring with Tsar Boris, brought about the Government's downfall. Veltchev was arrested on a trumped-up charge and sentenced to life imprisonment. Tsar Boris' supremacy is now unchallenged.

Mr. Swire lived for long in Sofia and is well qualified to tell this story. His book is unfortunately difficult to read. The greater part of it is a monotonous catalogue of intrigues and betrayals, murders and massacres, from which it is hard to disentangle the main trends. The author's friendship for Veltchev causes him perhaps to exaggerate his qualities as a statesman. The ideas of the military group were admirable, but a little undefined. But no

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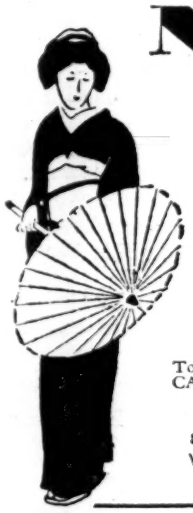

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one who has met Kimon Georghiev, Veltchev's Prime Minister, can have failed to be impressed by his sincere interest in the welfare of his people. During his period of office he restored diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia, carried out important social and administrative reforms, and inaugurated a policy of friendship with Jugoslavia, whose people most Bulgarians regard as their brothers. Bulgarian official propaganda describes Veltchev as a dangerous Fascist and Tsar Boris as the saviour of Bulgarian democracy. As Mr. Swire shows, the direct contrary is the truth. Only the naive conviction of so many British citizens that all monarchs must *ipso facto* be enlightened and charming men has made it possible for this version to be widely accepted in democratic circles. Not everything that Mr. Swire says can be accepted without reserve, but those who are interested in the truth of recent Balkan history should certainly study his book.

HUGH DROVER

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

Workmen's Compensation. Vol. I. Social and Political Development. By SIR ARNOLD WILSON AND PROFESSOR HERMANN LEVY. *Oxford University Press.* 10s.

Sir Arnold Wilson and Professor Levy have already issued two noteworthy volumes on *Industrial Assurance* and *Burial Reform and Funeral Costs*. They have now published the first of two volumes on *Workmen's Compensation* which deals with its social and political development, and a companion volume is due shortly which will cover "The need for reform." If they continue their collaboration and produce a survey of a similar nature of the other branches of social insurance they will render a high service to the State, and win for themselves a deserved place amongst those who have influenced the growth of our social institutions. British universities, oddly enough, show comparatively little interest in institutional economics dealing with social conditions. And we are therefore dependent on private enterprise for light and guidance in this field. Unfortunately, no one has done serious and continued work in it for about thirteen years, and we shall be served perhaps better than we deserve if these two men, who combine administrative experience with vast learning and long practice in patient research, will cover the huge plot which stands ready for the builder.

Unfortunately, one of our authors is known to have brought to his study very strong predispositions, so that we may find ourselves unable to agree with his conclusions as to what constitutes an enlightened social policy for the future. Thus towards the end of the volume under review it is claimed that a Workmen's Compensation Commissioner responsible to Parliament for suggesting needful amendments, having the assistance of a Statutory Board with power to make regulations within the framework of a widely drafted Act of Parliament, would be an improvement on the present situation. This can hardly be doubted. But this molehill of a reform would constitute to-day an irrelevant trifle. Workmen's Compensation must be brought into line with thirty years' experience of State administered schemes of social insurance at home, and with our knowledge of State administered schemes of Workmen's Compensation in other countries.

The authors outline the history of the provision made of some compensation to workmen suffering from industrial injuries from the days of the Common Law, through the Employers' Liability Act and the 1906 Workmen's Compensation Act, down to the present day, in a masterly manner. They then devote one-half of the work to a careful study of the Holman Gregory Report issued in 1921. They demonstrate that workmen obtain only about one-third of the loss which they suffer, that insurance companies for many years mulcted employers of twice as much as was paid in benefits and even to-day take more than a third of the premiums for their administration, although they are allowed to make payments in lump sums, a form disastrous to many recipients. They show that in spite of eight minor amending Acts Parliament, once having sanctioned the wrong kind of machinery, has been unable to silence widespread discontent. The administration of the law has led to oceans of litigation and to startling revelations of the class prejudices of the Judges, to constant friction between employers and employed and between members of the medical profession and the injured. Above all, the present law and those responsible for its administration are indifferent to the need for rehabilitating workmen.

It is clear that the present statutory framework is basically unsuited for dealing with the problem. Years before a pension was conceded to the aged or insurance to the sick and unemployed Parliament made provision for those who suffered industrial injuries. Public opinion to-day also wishes that these victims should enjoy more favoured treatment than the sick and the unemployed, and not less as they do to-day. The test of the proposals of our two authors in their forthcoming volume and of the findings of the Royal Commission may well be whether they will recommend a scheme that will achieve that. Meanwhile, this volume will be welcomed as the best study and guide book on Workmen's Compensation in Great Britain.

JOSEPH L. COHEN

WATTEAU

Antoine Watteau. An Illustrated Biography. By GILBERT BARKER. *Duckworth.* 10s. 6d.

Watteau has little to offer his biographer. His life of only thirty-seven years was devoted to his art. His early poverty was not unusually severe, and was of short duration. At the age of twenty-five, although he failed to win the *Prix de Rome*, he had already become known to the dealer Sirois, and through him to the patrons of art in Paris. At the age of twenty-eight he was made an associate of the Academy, and his reputation was already so well established that he could afford to wait five years before presenting the *Embarquement pour Cythère*, the picture with which he qualified for membership. The difficulties against which he had to contend were such as give the biographer little satisfaction; ill-health, and an impatient, dissatisfied temperament.

Mr. Barker is modest in his claims for his subject. "Watteau's life," he says, "is one of singular dullness." The documentary sources are few, accessible and reliable; Mr. Barker does not pretend to make any fresh contributions. Recognition came early to Watteau, and although he suffered a temporary eclipse during the latter half of the eighteenth century and early nineteenth, he has been, since his rediscovery by the Goncourt brothers, the subject of much sensitive appreciation and his position is secure. Nor is his particular genius such as readily gives rise to controversy. There is little scope, therefore, for originality in such a biography as this, written for the general reader, by an author who expressly disclaims expert knowledge.

Mr. Barker divides his book into two parts. In the earlier section he tells simply and well the brief story of Watteau's life, with illuminating notes upon his contemporaries and his times, showing, so far as is possible, the development of his art. In the second part Mr. Barker deals only with his works, and here the modesty and cautious respect for his predecessors, which characterise the biographical section, amount to a fault. His sincerity is evident, and he writes out of a genuine love for Watteau's painting and desire to communicate his delight in it to others. But his enthusiasm is apt to express itself rather in piled-up adjectives than in any independent speculation or judgment. And yet his love for Watteau is by no means blind. He places him, with Chopin, below the giants. He is aware of the distance that separates the *Enseigne de Gersaint*, and, in another line, *Gilles*, from the rest of his paintings, and of the superiority of his drawings altogether over his paintings. He is conscious that he is dealing with a great artist most of whose work fell far short of greatness. And yet, in spite of himself, the emphasis falls wrongly. He describes minutely a large number of the paintings, admitting after nearly forty pages that the attempt was vain from the beginning. And he dismisses the drawings in little more than a paragraph, saying, with justification, certainly, that it would be "presumptuous to attempt to add anything to Dr. Parker's account." If he had been bolder he might have taken Dr. Parker's work as a starting point rather than as a final specialised treatment of a separate branch of the subject, and traced some connection between the nervous realism of Watteau's drawings and the artificiality of the exquisite theatre in which they live again, as puppets, in his pictures. So many questions are suggested by the contradiction which runs through Watteau's work. Would this contradiction have disappeared if he had lived, as it did in the *Enseigne de Gersaint*, painted in the last year of his life? Or is it essential to the art of the consumptive? Is there more illumination in the half-truth contained in the saying "*En bonne santé il n'eut été peut-être qu'un Lancret*," or in that contained in its converse, that with good health he might have carried the power and life of his drawings yet further in his painting?

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SURGERY, OLD AND NEW

Surgeons All. By HARVEY GRAHAM. *Rich and Cowan.* 18*s.*

The author of this book is a competent medical journalist, a sub-editor on the staff of a leading medical weekly. He has written a first-class popular history of surgeons and surgery from the Neolithic Age to the twentieth century. He modestly describes it as a story book: "A story of surgery itself made up of the stories of a thousand and one surgeons who all helped to bring the surgical art to its present stage of development." Equally modestly he concludes his preface with these words: "I have tried to present in a form that is readable a fascinating but little-known fragment of history. To what extent I have succeeded—or failed—in this attempt is for the reader to decide." The book is well written, the matter is simply expressed, and the facts are accurately stated and given due proportionate emphasis; whilst infusing the whole is a light realistic humour, devoid of facetiousness. It is because the book is what it is that I regret the over-exuberant and hyperbolic tone of the foreword, contributed by Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty; and I am sorry that "Harvey Graham" (a *nom de plume*, by the way) permitted such a foreword to appear. His wine is of such a quality as to need no ostentatious bush.

About the earliest written record of surgical practice is contained in the Sumerian Code drawn up by Hammurabi over 2,000 years B.C., which incidentally show that the practice of charging fees according to the social status of the patient is no novelty. What is known of surgery among the Greeks and Romans, and, later, among the Arabians is interestingly summarised; and the reader is led on to the celebrated medical school at Salerno and the renaissance of surgery in Europe. We hear about the famous John of Geddesden, referred to by Chaucer in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, and about his no less famous book, *Rosa Anglica*, one section of which was titled "Disagreeable Diseases which the Doctor can Seldom Make Money By." Thirty years later, we come to a much more competent surgeon, John of Arderne, who contributed to practical surgery an operation for the cure of anal fistula. In one of his works, a chapter is devoted to "Ye manere of ye Leche," in which he advised his professional brethren to cultivate modesty, charity and chastity. A surgeon should abstain from boasting, and should answer questions warily lest he be entrapped in his words. He must be always sober and "should consider not over openly the lady or the daughters or other fair women in great men's houses, nor proffer to kiss them nor touch their breasts privately or openly." Almost a contemporary, the celebrated French surgeon, De Mondeville, also gave much shrewd advice to his colleagues and pupils both as to the practice of their craft and as to their relations with their patients. The surgeon should "refuse as far as possible all difficult cases and never interfere with desperate ones. He may give advice to the poor for the love of God only, but the rich should be made to pay well." He added that there are certain rich patients who prefer to suffer in body rather than in their purses.

Surgeons All retells, on nearly every one of its 400 pages, illustrative anecdotes, and quotes significant episodes—some grim, others humorous, and all entertaining. We are given a description of Chiselden's operation for lithotomy, performed without anaesthetic in fifty-four seconds; we are told all about the struggle for corpses for dissection in the eighteenth century; we hear of the grave-robbings and the resurrectionists; of Sir Astley Cooper's appearance before the Government's Select Committee on Anatomy, and of his reply to a question: "There is no person, let his situation in life be what it may, whom, if I were disposed to dissect, I could not obtain." Sir Astley prided himself upon having the best team of resurrectionists in the country—the so-called Baronet's Brigade.

HARRY ROBERTS

Alexander of Jugoslavia. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If it had been properly documented this would be a startling book. Its principal thesis is no less than the accusation that Italy, after having vainly attempted to destroy Jugoslavia, deliberately plotted to destroy the creator of Jugoslavia and succeeded. He contends that the League decision vaguely wafting blame toward Hungary was a fraud contrived by M. Laval to avoid compromising his approach to better relations between France and Italy; he roundly asserts that both the actual assassins at Marseilles and the men prepared to kill the King later at Versailles if the first attempt failed were professional killers kept on Italian soil and expertly trained for the purpose by the lawyer Pavelitch, the Croat fugitive long luxuriously subsidised by the Fascist regime. If the statements could be proved the book would constitute an astounding indictment.

As it is it tells at least an exciting story: particularly that portion of it devoted to the tracking down of the doomed ruler by his murderers to the supreme moment on the Canebière. In his study of Alexander's statecraft and the conditions prevailing in the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—etc., down the list of minorities—the author is less stirring but reasonably informative. He holds that Alexander could have done nothing else than set aside the parliamentary regime in 1929 in favour of his own dictatorship. On the other hand he was not the man to play dictator. Not that his early liberal sentiments encroached, nor that he lacked the necessary severity, but that he lost touch with his people. He was a European, they were Balkans; he did not care to lend himself to the pageantry which is an essential part of most modern despotism; he withdrew into his castle deep in the country and allowed himself to be seen by his capital as little as possible; while the men he chose to advise him, though honest, were personal favourites without much political talent or hold on the popular imagination. A shy, charming, cultivated man, who saw what he had to do to hold together his motley peoples, but lacked the essential impulse, the natural force of mind and character, to do it.

How to Raise a Dog in the City and in the Suburbs. By J. R. KINNEY and A. HONEYCULT. *H. Hamilton.* 6*s.*

Readers of *Punch* and the *New Yorker* will recognise that elementary dog ownership is one of the great natural opportunities for a little harmless facetiousness. The author of this book has kept this fact in mind, and his suggestion that the book should be sent attached to any dog which is given as a present seems reasonable as well as self-interested. There is a lot of sound practical information given about the dog in health; in sickness the point at which the vet. should be called in is indicated. The possible buyer should not be put off or misled by the fact that Mr. Thurber, one of the world's great exponents of distraught humour, has been called upon to illustrate the book. Whatever the illustrations, the text is pre-eminently sane and the instructions on dog-handling, though they may sound suspiciously ludicrous in a generation which has even parodied Mrs. Beeton, are meant in earnest.

Week-end Competitions

No. 479

Set by G. W. Stonier

Attempts have been made from time to time to write serious limericks; but the tinkling form has always brought them down. What is needed is to break up rhyme and metre:

My desire
Is for a verse of five fingers;
Clenched, it would hold a truth that lingers;
Unfurl it, and you admire the phalanged ease.
Poet, your hand is on fire.

Lightness is not necessarily facetious. Contributors are invited to submit serious limericks of their own—not necessarily modelled on the above. Five lines should, of course, be the limit.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 12th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 477

Set by William Whitebait

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best poem (not longer than 24 lines) on the London telephone directory.

Report by William Whitebait

That little-reviewed work, I said, the London telephone directory! And what from it would be to review. "The index, as usual, is thorough." "Those who have enjoyed A-K are advised to try the second volume."

The first name in the list one notices is Mr. R. R. à-Atabrelton, the last Miss Pam Zyrot. Between them, all the celebrities of history and imagination. Caesar lives there, Job, Regan, and John Wesley. Death is there, and so is Mrs. Life. I am delighted to find Bilkus, Dippie, Smellie, Bottom and Blight. Monday and Friday are there, but not Tuesday or Saturday. Egge lives a long way from Bacon, Beers and Wines inhabit the same street. And there you will find the characters

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THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ gns. a week. Apply MANAGER.

CULTURED WOMAN invites two/three interesting people join her. Large house, coast Devonshire, August. Share expenses, only 2½ gns. week. Box 4828.

UNSPOILT NORTHANTS. Headmistress lets comfortable quiet house, suburbs Northampton. August, 3 gns. week. Box 4829.

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

KILDARE. Grand riding holiday. Fishing. Terms: £2 10s. MRS. DIX, Lios Cluana, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. Ordinary or vegetarian diet.

WOULD you be rid of rheumatism and the effects of worry and work—HARROGATE takes "The Cure" in its stride and links Health and Happiness. To get there it's quicker by Rail. Write to L. A. WILSHERE, Information Bureau, Harrogate, for free copy of Official Guide.

MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Ideal. 2½–4 gns. MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

CORNWALL, POLZEATH. Modern furnished bungalow, facing sea. El., wireless, garage. Slumberland beds. APLIN.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons. April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

QUANTOCKS for QUIET
at the
ALFOXTON PARK HOTEL
Holford Somerset
Terms: 4½ to 6½ gns.

SOUTH CORNWALL. Board-Residence, modern seaside house. Excellent holiday centre, all sports adjacent. 2½ guineas weekly; August, 3 guineas. Bargrove, Carlyon Bay, St. Austell.

COTSWOLDS FOR WHITSUNTIDE. Comfortable Guest House. Electric light, telephone, indoor sanitation, good bathroom. Taxi. Lovely country. WALLER, Icomb, Stow-on-the-Wold.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

LAKELAND. Buttermere Valley. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth, Cumberland. 3 gns. weekly. 'Phone: Lorton 240.

ACHILL ISLAND, West Ireland. Burke's Private Hotel, beside beautiful bathing strand; very fine mountain and cliff scenery. Moderate. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

COME EARLY. Safe, Sunny, Quiet. Facing sea beach. Safe bathing. Tennis, golf. Facilities young children. Rookcliff, Milford-on-Sea, Hants.

Holiday Suggestions

TRY AN IRISH HOLIDAY
Laragh House, Annamoe, Co. Wicklow. Ireland's Luxury Country Hotel is situated a thousand feet above sea level amidst glorious scenery. Real home comfort from lovely log fires and luxurious armchairs. Hot water in all bedrooms; good plain cooking and all garden produce from home farm; our own tennis courts (grass and hard); horses to ride; a wonderful full-length golf course and a glorious swimming pool. English visitors are especially welcome and terms most moderate. Please send p.c. for illustrated brochure.

LAKE DISTRICT. The Grange, Loweswater, Cockermouth. Lovely position, near Crummock, Buttermere and Ennerdale Lakes. Inside accommodation. Bath. large airy bedrooms. Suitable large parties. Proprietor: BLAYLOCK.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea and golf. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

ST. LEONARDS. Comfortable furnished apartments or board-residence; healthy position, sea views, good cooking, attendance, 4 minutes sea, sunlounge. 55 West Hill.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres, rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ gns. BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 2.

CORNWALL. Glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Comfortably furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period—holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Village near. Book now for Whitsun and summer holidays. Terms and photos. Sevier, Pendeen Cornwall.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 guineas.

ENGLISH LAKES
LANGDALE ESTATE offers unique and varied accommodation amidst 25 acres of private grounds situated in this beautiful Lakeland valley. Furnished cottages, guest house, sleeping cabins and the new Pillar Hotel. Illustrated booklet (N.): MANAGER, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, nr. Ambleside.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

COME along to NORTH WALES, where mountains run down to the sea. Come and sun-bathe on golden sands; 28 resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Climbing, bathing, fishing, sailing, all sports and amusements. 2d. stamp for Guide, Dept. 11, Llanfairfechan. Cheap fares by L.M.S.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. Homely board-residence, 42s. weekly. Ideal quiet holiday, overlooking sea. York House, 29 Cantelupe Road.

ACHILL ISLAND. Slievemore Hotel. Largest and oldest established. Close to sea. A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Apply HOPE CLAPHAM.

THE LIMES GUEST HOUSE, Nutley, Sussex ('Phone: 3). Overlooking Ashdown Forest. Modern home comforts. Sunny gardens with tennis court. Garages. Golf, riding; 23 miles Eastbourne and Brighton. R.A.C. appointed.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House (Seaford 3008). Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; staghunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

THE blossom is out now. Undiscovered countryside. Guest House with every comfort. Wonderful walking and touring. Bus route. Linton Hall, Ross-on-Wye.

NORTH WALES. Beddgelert. Charming small hotel. Snowdonia. A.A. Mountains, Rivers and Peace. Seven miles sea. Erw Fair Private Hotel.

LAKE DISTRICT. Chapel Ridding, Windermere. Large private house modernised for guests. Telephone: Windermere 285.

CORNWALL. Beautifully situated farmhouse, midway Polperro–Fowey. Excellent food. Modern conveniences. Safe bathing. 'Phone: Polruan 47.

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family takes guests. XVIIth Cent. farm house. Comfort, books, good cooking, open fires, h. & c. some rooms, good centre, lovely district. From 2½ gns. Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "VICTORIA," leading hotel between Honister Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. (Reduced terms.)

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

XVIth-CENTURY Cottage Guest House. Beautiful country. Near sea. NEALE, Loders, Bridport.

ROSS-ON-WYE, Quiet, bracing, sunny situation. Excellent cuisine. Separate tables. Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, Galen Lodge.

MID-CORNWALL. Accommodation, 2 gns. weekly. All farmhouse produce; early post; close to buses, trains and beaches. BURDEN, Treningle Farmhouse, Bodmin.

"RED TILES," Vegetarian Cottage Guest House in Sussex Weald. 65 High Street, Three Bridges.

QUANTOCKS, Somerset. Private sitting-rooms. El. lt. Bath. 3 gns. BOOBIER, Glenclose, Holford.

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswolds, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeareland, &c. Endless entertainment. Sport for all. Illustrated Guide free from DEPT. 8, Town Hall, Cheltenham. TRAVEL BY RAIL.

FRESH Air Club. Informal week-ends and holidays. Box 4843.

THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ guineas weekly.

SUSSEX, facing South Downs. Superior Country Residence; every modern comfort; home produce, excellent cooking. Highly recommended. Inclusive terms: 42s. weekly. "The Chase," Albourne. Tel.: Hurstpierpoint 2165.

CORNWALL. Comfortable Guest House in unspoilt Cornish village. Modern conveniences. Sea and country. Excellent cuisine. Yachting, boating, bathing, fishing. MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan-by-Fowey. 'Phone: Polruan 48

MINEHEAD. CONWAY PRIVATE HOTEL, The Avenue ('phone: Minehead 26). This comfortable private hotel adjoins promenade; few yards sea. Hot and cold running water in all bedrooms; gas fires in most; own tennis court, free to visitors. Noted for comfort and service. MR. and MRS. S. W. DEED.

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel. 280711.

ACHILL HEAD HOTEL, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Situated amidst magnificent scenery. Hot and cold running water. Motor launch belonging to Hotel for deep-sea fishing and cruising. Electric light. Fully licensed. A.A., R.I.A.C., I.T.A. appointments. Full particulars apply JOHN MACNAMARA (Proprietor).

PERFECT family holidays. Safe bathing, boating, fishing. Glorious sands. Comfortable beds, good food. PEREIRA, Wittering, Sussex.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

ASHDOWN FOREST. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. A delightful home; 14 bedrooms, hot and cold running water, private bathrooms, electric light. Large peaceful garden. Tennis. Own vegetables, chickens and eggs. Good cooking. Efficient service. Garage. Golf and riding. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

HINDHEAD. Comfortable apartments. Highly recommended. Near moors and golf. BOND, Hillside, Hindhead.

RHYL. Modern furnished brick-built seaside bungalows. Conveniences. Tennis. FURNIVAL, 65 Bewsey Street, Warrington.

W. SUSSEX XVth Cent. Guest House. Downs, garden, tennis. Ideal walking centre. Coast, 11 miles. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough. (Sutton 229.)

ELIZABETHAN Farmhouse. Home produce. Modern comforts. Tennis, fishing. Telephone: 249. HONEYSETT, Tenterden, Kent.

WORTHING. Aller House, Private Hotel. Central position, all modern comforts, good garden, garage. Terms from 2½ gns. 'Phone: 1749.

SUSSEX DOWNS. Ideal country retreat. Stationary Caravan, furnished, 9 miles Worthing, £6 p.a. BROWN, Hampers Lane, Storrington.

SOMERSET. Centre walking, motoring tours; quiet, comfortable residence, easy distance sea, golf, polo. Garage. MRS. BRIGHT, Battins Guest House, Alcombe, Minehead.

PAIGNTON. Hotel Atherfield, Cleveland Road; 3 minutes sea. H.C. Gas fires bedrooms. Interior springs. Inclusive moderate charges.

Holiday Suggestions Continued on Page 719

of *The Waste Land*, of *Pride and Prejudice*, of *Can You Forgive Her?* It is the book for a rainy day.

Fancy a man called Circuits or Paintness,
But both would be enshrined for ever there.

Competitors have let loose volumes of eloquence. Mr. G. de Vavasour comes first, with his excellent piece, and Mr. J. C. B. Date makes a good second.

FIRST PRIZE

CITY SAGA

Miss A.Z's *Comedie Humaine*
Is on the market once again.
One more of her tremendous tomes
Is being read in countless homes.
With admiration we must speak
Of her unvarying technique.
Her busy pen leaves far behind
Chez Swann, Adverse, or Gone With Wind.
I note few changes in the cast
That moves across her canvas vast;
The broker rich, the sempstress poor,
A few months older than before.
Of politics, how clean her pen!
Her characters are London's men,
Her scenes the office, shop and street,
The suburbs where the women meet;
The folk we know! and that's, I feel,
The secret of Miss Z's appeal.
You'll say the book lacks climax—true;
The end is inconclusive, too;
But weight for weight, could Balzac vie
With Z, who with punctilious eye
Views Nature through a horn-rimmed glass
To chronicle the middle class? G. DE VAVASOUR

SECOND PRIZE

O arid wilderness of Smiths and Jones,
So seldom by a Postlethwaite relieved!
What dull and unimaginative mind
This orderly monotony conceived?
Hence, alphabetical exactitude!
We'll now begin with Q, and end with K.
And sweet Romance shall charm the weary hours
While we await the call to Button A.
No more shall Swan for distant Edgar pine;
And Webb shall stand close to his Mappin dear.
No more shall Lancelot by H to K
Be separated from his Guinevere.
Wyat from Wyatt shall at last be free
To cheer up Dull, we'll set him next to Blythe,
Diversify the serried ranks of Smiths
By changing some to Schmidt and some to Smythe.
We'll uproot Astor from among the A's
Refreshed with Bass or Worthington to dwell
A page or two of horrors we'll design
With Blood and Gunn, and Death, and Graves as well.
And lastly, if a Hitler we can trace
'Twixt Marx and Cohen he shall take his place.
J. C. B. DATE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 331.—SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED.

"I never can remember old Boodleworth's telephone number."

Wilfred winked at me. "Then I'll tell you, Father. I've worked out a mnemonic for it, though I don't mind telling you it's a bit complicated." He took out a sheet of paper covered with figures.

"One of your problems, eh, Wilfred?" I said.

"No, no," answered Wilfred, blandly. "Just a simple mnemonic."

"Now listen, Father," he went on. "You know our own 'phone number?"

"Of course," said Father, rather tetchily.

"What is it?"

Father hazarded a number.

Wilfred laughed. "You've got it wrong. It doesn't surprise me. You've got the digits right, but you've got them in the wrong order, Father."

"Then how do you suggest I should remember them?" Father was peeved.

"I'll tell you," said Wilfred. "Our number's a doubleton——"

"—— a doubleton?"

"Yes. What *I* call a doubleton, anyway. The number formed by the last two digits is a multiple of the number formed by the first two digits. Now if you take the five doubleton 'phone numbers which can be formed from the four digits of ours, ours is the only one which has a prime factor of three digits."

"Say that again," said Father.

Wilfred did so.

"I don't see," said Father, when he had digested this information, "how any of this helps with Boodleworth."

Wilfred grinned. "Sorry you've been troubled," he said. "I was explaining about our own number. As to Boodleworth, the point is that his number is formed from the same four digits as ours. And it's a product of just three prime factors."

"Oh, really," said Father sarcastically. "A product of three prime factors, is it?"

"Yes," said Wilfred, "and I'll tell you something else, Father. If you take those three prime factors, one of them gives you Boodleworth's age, one of them the age of his daughter, Mrs. Pinkerton, and the third the number of Mrs. Pinkerton's children."

How old is Boodleworth?

PROBLEM 329. CANTATA

Solution by a 15-year-old competitor, Ruth Napier.

Parts		*Played by*
Joan	.. .. ..	Clare
Myra	.. .. ..	Lois
Clare	.. .. ..	Joan
Sally	.. .. ..	Myra
Lois	.. .. ..	Sally

Working.

1.—Two girls were to have played the parts of their own names, but they changed parts. These girls cannot be Sally or Lois. The former because the namesake of her part plays Lois (given) the latter because her namesake part is played by the namesake of the part played by Sally.

This leaves Joan, Myra and Clare.

The two cannot be Clare and Myra (given that Myra wanted to play Clare but did not). Nor could they be Joan and Myra (given that Joan wanted to play Myra but did not). Therefore we have Joan to play Clare and Clare to play Joan.

2.—We now have left Sally, Lois and Myra.

Sally cannot be playing Lois because the namesake of the part she is playing is taking the part of Lois and since no girl is playing the part of her own name this cannot be Lois. Therefore Sally is playing Myra and consequently Myra being the namesake of Sally's part plays Lois and Lois plays Sally.

PROBLEM 328.—HOLIDAY TASK

A set of Low's cartoons goes to R. L. E. Lowry, Jesus College, Cambridge.

Seven points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set o. Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

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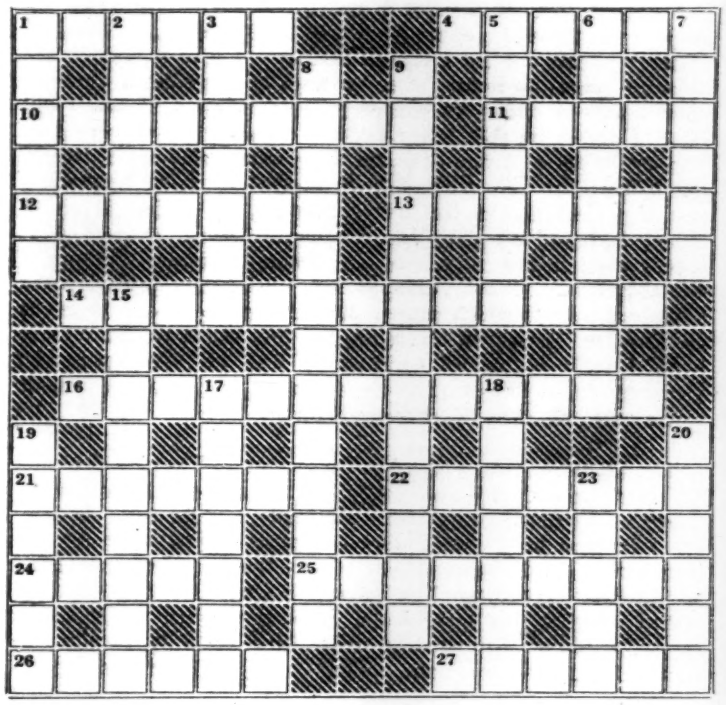
* ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL 2216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway.

Box Numbers:—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies. Box Number replies should be addressed: "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."
All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.
Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 478

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Dr. Nora Campbell, Astley Ainslie Institution, Grange Loan, Edinburgh

ACROSS

1. Try to get the rivets. (6)
4. He would have been bloated if he hadn't been so well cured. (6)
10. Used to wash out the returned empties in the kitchen. (9)
11. Dressed in rubber? (5)
12. Ocular evidence of a woodcut. (7)
13. Has it down to try. (7)
14. Rural vegetable dish? (13)
16. Does the grass widower have to shave with this? (13)
21. May shortly be a cap. (7)
22. A bit 'oofy? (7)
24. Antithesis of a threnody? (5)
25. Naturally they carry their own baggage. (9)
26. Kipling's choice. (6)
27. They used to be mounted for war. (6)

DOWN

1. "My love is cruel" he might say. (6)
2. It might be worse. (5)
3. T.U.C. at loggerheads about a medicine glass. (7)
5. It's not polite to get in before tea. (7)
6. Suggests that the menu offers a bit of chicken. (9)
7. The artistic course no doubt. (6)
8. The tulips grown here would not be Darwin of course. (13)
9. Pictures on plates. (13)
15. Worshippers who are always behindhand in action. (9)
17. A bit worked up in set 9. (7)
18. Would it make one appear to go headlong? (7)
19. The artists make them by land or sea. (6)
20. The credit is doubled. (6)
23. A clean sort of weapon. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	■	C	■	G	■	D	O	G	R	A	C	I	N	G
A	P	A	N	A	G	E	■	■	E	■	U	■	Y	■
T	■	R	■	L	■	S	■	E	M	E	R	A	L	D
H	A	R	E	L	I	P	■	■	O	■	T	■	G	■
C	■	O	■	O	■	E	■	B	R	E	A	T	H	S
H	O	T	S	P	U	R	■	■	S	■	N	■	A	■
A	■	S	■	S	■	A	T	H	E	N	A	E	U	M
I	■	■	■	■	■	D	■	U	■	■	■	■	■	A
R	E	L	A	T	I	O	N	S	■	A	■	H	■	N
■	L	■	N	■	L	■	■	H	I	S	T	O	R	Y
R	E	C	O	I	L	S	■	M	■	P	■	P	■	H
■	C	■	S	■	B	■	■	O	V	E	R	S	E	A
E	T	A	M	E	R	C	■	N	■	C	■	A	■	N
■	O	■	I	■	E	■	■	E	N	T	I	C	E	D
E	R	R	A	N	D	B	O	Y	■	S	■	K	■	S

Holiday Suggestions Abroad
Continued from page 717

SWITZERLAND, SCHWYZ. Hotel Sonnenberg for sunshine, health and pleasure. Excellent cookery, all diets. Unrivalled view. Typical Swiss countryside. Trips arranged. Terms from £2 15s. p. week. All inclusive.

PRALOGNAN, Savoie. Alpes, alt. 4,800ft. Hotel de la Vanoise. Pension 62–70 fs. Excellente cave. Cuisine du pays. Eau courante. Promenades. Alpinisme.

SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors, Schoolboys and Girls; also "Popular Art" and "Food Industry" parties. Dates and prices from: SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

PYRENEES. Anglo-French family would receive few guests in quiet comfortable country house. Write: Mme. DANNATT, Rébénacq (B. Pyr.) France.

NEAR DIEPPE, Grand Hotel, Berneval-s.-Mer. Picturesque country, bathing, sands, tennis. Good food. Pension 45–60 *frs.* Personal recommendation. Telephone: Berneval 1.

SWITZERLAND, LUGANO. Hotel Quisisana for every comfort. Beautiful gardens. Excellent cuisine. All diets. Swimming-pool. Terms 9-12 Sw. Francs.

BRITTANY for early summer. South Coast. Guests received modernised private house. 50 acres on sea. Tourist centre. Car. From 75 *frs.* per day. MADAME CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, Beuzec Conq. Finistère.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

PERSONAL service for visitors to New York World's Fair: meeting at pier; guidance and advice regarding hotels, lodgings, restaurants, taxis, sightseeing, tours, etc. Folder on request. References. Address: FAIR SERVICE, 32 Thomas Street, New York City.

FINLAND FOR PEACEFUL HOLIDAYS. Details of wide range of summer itineraries ready soon. From 11 days for £10. Reserve your copy. FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone: Abbey 5300.

FURNISHING

SUMMER Curtains and Rugs in bright stripes, from Cyprus, handwoven, of a rich colour and texture. Curtains 3s. 6d. per yard; Rugs, 72" long, 16s. each. Sole Importer, Gerald Holtom, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

HAMPSTEAD. Large comfortable bed-sitting room to let furnished in quiet private house. £1 weekly or 25s. with breakfast. Also smaller room 15s. 17 Parkhill Road. Primrose 0384.

NOTTING HILL GATE. Young woman, B.A. (Oxon.), offers share sunny spacious maisonette; 3 unfurnished rooms available. Only 25s. Service optional. Telephone: BARLING, Park 7851 after 6 p.m.

A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s. Bed-B'fast. 37s. 6d. part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.), alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18s. 6s. BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c. from 12s. 6d. Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6d. nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6d. weekly.

NOTTING HILL GATE (1 min.). New unfurnished flatlets, overlooking lovely gardens. Luxuriously equipped. Concealed h. and c. basins. Built-in cupboards. Service, meals as required. From £1 weekly. 62 Kensington Park Road, W.11. Park 4589.

LARGE garden room, box room, kitchen, c.h.w.; lovely outlook (S.S.E.). 27s. 6d. incl. Primrose 1043.

LADY wishes to recommend attractive cottage on village green Esher (Surrey), where Frenchwoman (English by marriage) will take paying guests and if desired, give expert lessons in cooking or French. Reasonable terms. Box 4705.

MODERN rooms in quiet house with gardem Meals as required. 91 Greencroft Gardens, N.W.6. Maida Vale 1951

WELL-RECOMMENDED Guest House. Single and double rooms. Good garden. 9 Winchester Avenue, N.W.6.

PLEASANT DOUBLE BEDROOM (divan). St. John's Wood. Private guest house with constant hot water, central heating; 4½ *gns.* inclusive weekly. Maida Vale 8403.

BLOOMSBURY. In young woman graduate's flat. Large, modern bed-sitting room. Ground floor. Big windows. White birch furniture. Very quiet. Share kitchen, bathroom, china, etc. Really hot water. Light, laundry, gas for cooking, electric iron. 30s. week. Box 4895.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 718

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MONEY POLICY—INVESTORS & DOLLAR STOCKS—THE STANDSTILL TALKS—RUMANIA

THE recovery in the gilt-edged market which cheered the City this week coincided, curiously enough, with the publication of an attack by the Midland Bank on the authorities for failing to carry out the policy of cheap money. In its Monthly Review for May the Midland Bank gave reasons for its suspicion that the cheap money policy had been superseded in recent months by one of active deflation. The cause of it all has been the shrinkage in the supply of Treasury Bills. Because the joint stock banks maintain not only a cash ratio but a "liquid assets" ratio to their total liabilities, they have been forced to sell investments, thus accentuating the weakness in the gilt-edged market. In March, for example, when there was a substantial increase in the demand for advances, the banks were forced to sell investments of £6 millions in order to keep up their standard of liquidity. Even so, the cash ratio declined to 10.8 per cent. and the "liquid assets" ratio to 29 per cent. against the normal 30 per cent. In April the decline in the cash basis went further. Here is the evidence, according to the Midland Bank, of not only active but progressive deflation. Between October, 1938, and March, 1939, the joint stock banks have sold investments amounting to no less than £34 millions, and during this period the long-term rate of interest rose from 3½ per cent. to over 3¾ per cent. Recently, with the banks taking few bills and the money market correspondingly reluctant to absorb them, the short money rate has risen from ½ per cent. to not far short of 1½ per cent. (it has now fallen back to 1 3/16 per cent.). In the face of these rises the Midland Bank rightly asks, has cheap money gone for good and, if so, why? They see no reason why. They point out that as foreign money has been largely withdrawn in recent months, as the present stock of gold is adequate, as there has been no worsening of our debit balance in international payments, as restrictions have been laid on forward dealings in gold, and as the purchase of foreign securities has been officially discouraged, there is no call for dearer money—certainly not until there are definite signs of internal inflation. Mr. Keynes's idea of Government borrowing at 2½ per cent. for 15 years may err on the side of optimism, but it is folly, as the Midland Bank argues, for the Government to act so inefficiently as to make it certain that much higher rates will have to be paid.

* * *

I suggest that inefficiency is not the whole of the story. I suspect that the villain of the piece is really Mr. Montagu Norman, whose fondness for the discount market led him to induce the discount houses to reduce their holdings of short-dated Government bonds in return for the promise of a higher Treasury bill rate. I am aware that heavy sales of "shorts," in the event of war, by the discount houses would have embarrassed the Treasury, but I hope the Chancellor will be pressed to renew assurances that the Government has not abandoned its policy of cheap money and will not allow Mr. Montagu Norman to raise short money rates in the interest of the discount market. Perhaps it was Government "conscience money" belatedly supporting the gilt-edged market which caused the recovery in gilt-edged prices on Tuesday. Whatever the cause, the City began to take a more hopeful view of market conditions; and on Wednesday the recovery spread to industrial equity shares, while railway Junior stocks were helped by the encouraging traffic returns.

* * *

The Chancellor was pressed in Parliament on Tuesday to clarify the Government's wishes in respect to the purchase of foreign securities by private investors. His reply was far from definite. He reiterated his "view" that export of capital is at present undesirable, and expressed the hope that private individuals would show "good will" in refraining from investment abroad. Asked whether this semi-official embargo applied to Dominion securities (other than sterling obligations) or to transactions in foreign stocks where both vendor and purchaser are British residents, Sir John replied that he could give "no assurance" that such deals were approved. Since the "request" is addressed to private investors and not to market dealers, it is presumably not intended to interfere with normal arbitrage business. Why voluntary exercise of "good will" should be considered the appropriate form of investment control in a country which has instituted conscription of man-power is not apparent.

* * *

Germany's Standstill creditors, whose representatives have gone to Berlin this week for a further conference, are unlikely to find Dr. Funk more accommodating in the matter of repayment than was Dr. Schacht. A sinister feature of the present German proposals for revision of the *Stillhalte* agreement is that the outstanding credits should be divided into two categories. The first would comprise the genuine commercial bills currently utilised for Anglo-German trade; the second would be made up of the finance bills and cash advances rashly extended to Germany in the optimistic days of 1927–28. Dr. Funk's idea is plain: having thus segregated utilisable and "dead" credits, he will repudiate the frozen finance bills at whatever moment he pleases. Whether the British delegation, led by a pronounced Germanophil in the person of Mr. F. C. Tiarks, can succeed in securing better terms remains to be seen. A question which arises is whether it is in the national interest that the discount markets and the banks should be required to go on indefinitely nursing all this German paper in order to save the acceptance houses from the consequences of their own financial imprudence. The firms which accepted German finance bills in the gay, expansionist period before the 1930 crash might surely be called upon to take up a substantial proportion of the credits still outstanding.

* * *

The Anglo-Rumanian economic parleys in Bucharest are making disappointingly slow progress, and the fact that Sir Frederick Leith-Ross is going to Athens this week-end, leaving the Rumanian negotiations in suspense, suggests that agreement has not yet been reached even on the terms under which Rumania is to be enabled to purchase armaments from Britain. According to current reports, the British mission offered a 20-year credit of £5,000,000 for the purpose, bearing interest at the somewhat ungenerous rate of 6 per cent. If this be the case, the Rumanian Government can scarcely be blamed for hesitations. Presumably the British Government, if it really attaches importance to Rumanian independence from Germany, will improve on its niggardly offer; but armaments credits are only one side of the problem, and the task of wresting Rumanian private trade away from the insistent Reich will not be easy. Already Rumania is overrun by German agents actively working out schemes for joint exploitation of oil and other resources.

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Company Meeting

LONDON ASIATIC RUBBER & PRODUCE COMPANY

MR. H. J. WELCH'S ADDRESS

THE 31st Ordinary General Meeting of The London Asiatic Rubber and Produce Company, Limited, was held on May 1st, in London. Mr. H. J. Welch (chairman), who presided, said (in part): In 1938 the rubber growing industry experienced more difficult conditions than in the previous year. Fortunately this company had forward sales of 756 tons of rubber at prices equivalent on the average to 11.3*d.* per lb. gross for rubber landed in London. The probability of an improvement in prices appeared strong enough to justify the board in keeping a considerable part of the balance of the company's output of sheet off the market. This policy was amply justified by events. The dividend recommended for the year, including the interim dividend paid in October last, amounts to 10 per cent. Our recommendations include a further allocation of £10,000 to the dividend equalisation reserve, which now amounts to a dividend of about 5 per cent. (less income-tax) upon the company's issued capital, and this will be utilised for the purpose indicated whenever its use is justified.

The rates of dividend paid for 1937 and 1938 might suggest to an outside observer that my reference above to adverse conditions in the industry implies the expectation of a high standard of profit. Agricultural undertakings in the tropics, indeed, with all the risks they incur, have every justification for expecting a normal profit rate higher than most other industries, but in this company's case it must be remembered that the dividend is paid on a very low net capitalisation per planted acre—much less than half the cost of replacement.

Condition of Properties.—The estates are in first-class condition, and our colleague, Mr. J. C. Henderson, has emphatically confirmed this belief after recently visiting and inspecting all the estates.

Net Cost per Planted Acre.—Our total issued capital amounts only to about £31 12*s.* per planted acre. When allowance is made for surplus liquid assets, the net cost of our planted areas is only £22 5*s.*, without any allowance being made for the value of the reserve lands of over 16,000 acres.

Development and New Plantings.—Under the new regulations we shall be able, in 1939 and 1940, to plant some 1,470 acres of our reserve land with selected material. The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

AGGREGATE FUNDS EXCEED £21,000,000

THE annual general meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on Wednesday in London.

MR. HAROLD J. MORLAND, M.A., J.P., F.C.A. (the chairman), said: The new life assurances of the Friends' Provident and the Century together amount to £2,654,749. The annuity premiums received were £1,020,056, and the sinking fund new business of the two offices together advanced substantially, the total being £1,301,985.

The annual life premium income advanced by £21,915. The ratio of life expenses to premiums fell by 0.30 per cent. to 16.49 per cent. The gross rate of interest earned on our funds was £4 15*s.* 2*d.* The rate, after deduction of income tax, was £3 16*s.* 9*d.* per cent.

As at the close of 1938, the actuary conducted a valuation of the continuous disability account for the five years 1934-38. During that period the business has developed satisfactorily, and the fund, at £351,648, is over seven times the premium income. After making ample reserves for all contingencies, the actuary was able to recommend the transfer of £20,000 to profit and loss account—that is, an average of £4,000 per annum for the five years.

After provision for all liabilities and contingencies, there were available £40,993 underwriting profits, with, in addition, £53,562 of net interest—i.e., together £94,555, to which must be added the amount carried forward from last year. A dividend of 20 per cent. on the paid-up capital was declared, absorbing £65,250. Transfers were made to additional reserve in the general section of the accident account, £5,000; to the investment reserve, £25,000; and £20,000 to group contingency fund, after which there remained £111,785 to be carried forward on profit and loss account.

Further depreciation arose during 1938, in consequence of which it was decided to strengthen the investment reserve of the Friends' Provident by transfers of £400,000 from the life and annuity and £50,000 from the sinking fund revenue accounts respectively. It has been advisable during the year on account of the uncertain international and trade conditions to pursue an especially restrained policy in regard to new investments. The funds of the Friends' Provident exceeded 16 millions at the close of 1938, and those of the Century exceeded 5 millions.

MR. ROBERT H. MARSH, F.C.A., seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

Company Meeting

AULT & WIBORG LIMITED

MR. GERALD WELLESLEY'S ADDRESS

THE Fifth Ordinary General Meeting of Ault and Wiborg Ltd. was held on April 28th, in London.

Mr. Gerald Wellesley (chairman), who presided, said (in part): The profits for the year ended on March 31st last amount to £76,130. This is a record figure, and one which I think you will consider to be highly satisfactory. The directors recommend that a further dividend of 7½ per cent. be paid on the Ordinary shares, making a total dividend of 14 per cent. for the year.

I would like to point out that during the past three and a half years we have carried out considerable improvements and extensions to our works at Southfields, have built a new factory at Watford, have purchased the Atlas Ink Works at Manchester, and have acquired the whole of the issued share capital of two old-established businesses in London, and that, with the exception of a slight increase of £15,000 in the Ordinary share capital, the whole of these undertakings have been financed entirely out of the company's cash resources.

The cash payments in connection with the two subsidiaries most recently acquired amounted to £83,762. These were financed by bank loans which at the date of the present balance-sheet had, as you will see, been reduced to £37,415.

Turning from the accounts to the company's trading, I wish to point out that the increased profits have been earned as the result of a turnover approximately 18 per cent. greater than that of the previous year. Once again the ratio of profit to turnover is considerably lower than in the past. The fact that this large increase in business is not reflected in the profits is due in the main to (a) an increase in the price of raw materials and (b) an increase in the cost of labour resulting from a rise in wages and a reduction of working hours.

The London subsidiary which we acquired 12 months ago has proved a sound investment. We have recently also acquired the whole issued capital of the Willesden Varnish Company Ltd. on terms which your board consider to be satisfactory. Time will necessarily be required before we can develop this new business to the greatest advantage. We are, however, entirely satisfied that we have made a valuable purchase.

If world conditions remain anything like normal, your board look forward to the future with confidence. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

PATALING RUBBER ESTATES

STANDARD PRODUCTION INCREASED

THE 19th ordinary general meeting of the Pataling Rubber Estates, Ltd., was held on Wednesday in London.

MR. H. ERIC MILLER (the chairman), in moving the adoption of the report, said that a year ago, when they were considering the satisfactory results of the 1937 operations, he had said it was a matter for regret that prospects were much less favourable. The market price of rubber at that time was, in fact, less than 6*d.* per lb. Bearing that figure in mind, the average net sale price recorded for the 1938 crop, equivalent to 8¾*d.* per lb. London landed terms, had worked out much better than at that time seemed probable. The strong financial position of the company enabled them to suspend sales while the market was unduly depressed, and this policy was gradually rewarded as a result of the drastic contraction in the permissible rate of export. Only a much smaller crop could be accounted for; the 1938 figure of 2,851,116 lb. compared with 4,138,577 lb. for 1937. Special cultivation measures were being continued.

The directors recommended a final dividend of 4½ per cent., subject to income-tax, making 7½ per cent. for the year. The dividend was just half that distributed on account of 1937, and, bearing in mind the fact that the present issued capital of the company was substantially less than the amount of money actually sunk in the estates, it could not be called a handsome return.

The Pataling Company had always enjoyed high repute and would give as good an account of itself as circumstances, beyond their control, permitted. The company's standard production for 1939 had been raised by nearly 100,000 lb. to 5,281,301 lb.

MR. D. S. GARDNER, in seconding the motion, said it was a great pleasure to express, after his recent visit to the estates, the opinion that they were in first-class order.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer (Grade II-a) in the Department of Political Economy. Salary £375–£475, according to experience, with admission to the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Duties will commence in October, 1939. Candidates should possess special knowledge and experience of Currency and Banking, and should have teaching experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned. Applications should be received on or before June 1st, 1939.

Gower Street, London, W.C.1. E. L. TANNER, Secretary.

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April 28th, 1939. E. H. JONES, Secretary and Registrar.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Course of Two Lectures on "THE NEWER VIEWS OF THE WORK OF PRIESTLEY AND LAVOISIER" will be given by SIR PHILIP J. HARTOG, K.B.E., C.I.E., LL.D., at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on MAY 9th and 16th, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. J. R. Partington, M.B.E., D.Sc. (Professor of Chemistry in the University).

A Lecture on "RESTRAINT OF TRADE AND TRADE PROTECTION" will be given by PROF. R. A. EASTWOOD, LL.D. (Professor of Law in the Victoria University of Manchester) at the LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on MAY 10th, at 5 p.m.

A Course of Two Lectures on "THE NATURE AND SCOPE OF PHILOSOPHY" will be given by DR. RAYMOND KLIBANSKY, M.A. (Lecturer in Mediaeval Philosophy in the University of Oxford) at BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (Regent's Park, N.W.1, entrance York Gate) on May 18th and 25th at 5.15 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. L. S. Stebbing, D.Lit. (Professor of Philosophy in the University).

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The first meetings will be held on the 8th and 19th May and the 5th June. Will those wishing particulars please communicate with PRYNS HOPKINS, M.A., Ph.D., 73 Portland Place, London, W.1.

"BRITISH MURAL PAINTING TO-DAY." Mr. A. McClaren Young, 10th May, 8.15, 101 Great Russell Street. Artists International Association. Non-Members, 1s.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, May 7th, at 11 a.m., LORD SNELL: "THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND WORLD PEACE." 7 p.m., DR. GILBERT MURRAY: Conte Memorial Lecture: "WHAT IS PERMANENT IN POSITIVISM."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, May 7th, at 11 a.m., Professor F. Aveling, D.Sc.: "Behaviour, Introspection and Scientific Method." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

LECTURES on YOGA and MYSTICISM by H. P. Shastri, author of *Meditation*. Wednesdays, 6.15. Fridays, 8.15. 30 Lansdowne Crescent, Notting Hill Gate. Bus 52 to Ladbroke Gardens.

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